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RÁJA RASÁLU

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IN MEMORIAM.

M. S.

Ob. Novemb. 8: 1882.

O laggard time of sadness and of waiting,
O day prolonged from ling'ring year to year,
How oft I stand, within my heart debating,
Will sunset shadows never more appear?

So long I've waited for the restful night,
Such tears I've shed for sorrow of the soul,
Sighing and sobbing in the fevered light
That, burning, beats from out the brazen pole!

Will day end nevermore? And shall the sun
Forever stand remorseless in the sky?
The swooning Hours of Time have ceased run,
And men are wrestling with eternity.

I long for night, I long for dreamy covers
Within the hills or close upon the deep;
I long for twilight hours, endeared to lovers,
And O I long for cool oblivious sleep!

Some cavern's depths shall be my drowsy pillow,
Far from the wildering tumult of the world;
There let me listen to the surging billow,
By windy currents hoarsely swayed and swirled!

There, sheltered, on the veined shingle lying,
Let me sleep out the remnant of my days,
Drugged by sweet sloth, all sorrow past, and sighing,
Past, all regard for censure or for praise!

The crystal wave that shivers at my feet,
The breaker foaming in the shadowy wild,
Will sing for love a lullaby as sweet
As e'er allured the fancy of a child.

Come then, ye stately Hours of Even-song,
Lead me far hence to some such dim recess,
Then fold me, wearied out, to slumber long,
Fold me in slumber and forgetfulness!

O laggard time of sadness and of grief
O day prolonged from tardy year to year,
When will the shadows, laden with relief,
Descend from starry kingdoms cold and clear?

INTRODUCTION.

On the summit of one of the peaks of Gandgarh by the Upper Indus stands an old fortress which is known as Káfir Kót; or, the Fort of the Infidels. It is situated midway between Pír Thán the highest point of the range, and the lofty village of Chenár Kót, beneath the precipices of which, over a friendly gap, runs the rough mountain road from the broad Indus Valley on the west to the beautiful vale in Hazárá on the east, where Haripur, famous for its flowers and fruits, reposes among the cool groves.

At Káfir Kót, says tradition, the last stand was made by the "infidel" Hindús of the Chach plain, when the country succumbed to the exterminating inroads of barbarian Muhammadans from Central Asia about nine hundred years ago. The walls comprise within their area the very summit of the hill, resting on the south-eastern side upon the edge of a deep inaccessible cliff which descends for hundreds of feet into the peaceful valley beneath. Over the

verge of the cliff, just without the south-eastern angle of the fort, where the wall retires, there exists a famous cave overgrown by a hardy jujube tree, and so cunningly contrived by nature that only by accident could its existence be suspected at all. This cave is known as Káfir-Kót-kí-Ghár, or the Cave of the Fort of the Infidels. It runs in a downward sloping direction about forty feet into the limestone rock, and it ends in two small natural chambers very difficult of access. When the devoted garrison found their retreat cut off on all sides, it is said that they threw their arms into the bottom of the cave, and that then, in the character of unarmed suppliants, they came forth and made an unavailing appeal for quarter to their terrible invaders.

One bright winter's day after inspecting the old walls, and clambering down into the depths of the cave where ashes and potsherds existed in abundance to attest its ancient uses, I was resting in the dense shade of the grove of well-grown *Sanathá* which covers the hill, when I overheard some of my village-guides disputing as to whether the Cave of the Infidels might not be identical with the legendary Cave of Gandgarh, some asserting that it was the same, and others maintaining the contrary.

"Gandgarri-kí-Ghár," said a tall mountaineer from Sirikót "is in Pír Thán. To this cave Rájá Rasálu never came at all."

"As no one has ever been able to find the Cave of Gandgarh," answered a man of Gházi, "I do not see why this should not be it."

"How could you expect to find the Cave of Gandgarh," enquired the first man triumphantly, "when Rasálu shut in the giant with a great stone, and covered the place up?"

It was under these circumstances that I first made acquaintance with the hero of the following legends, Rájá Rasálu. As the sun was rapidly declining I waited then to hear no more, but having enjoyed our brief halt, we all started on our return to Gházi, I on foot, and my little boy of five, well armed with a bow and arrow for incautious tigers, in a small native bridal doolie, which was borne on the shoulders of a couple of stout villagers. Through rough rocks of schist or limestone, and by many a rugged track, our path conducted us down the steep declivities of Mount Gandgarh, affording us near at hand beautiful sunny views of valley and precipice and lofty Sikh fortress, and revealing far away the stately Indus, the spacious Peshawur Valley, and the still more distant hills of Kábul and Bájour, where human life is cheap, and where men go armed to the teeth. High over our heads in the pure æther wheeled a golden-crested eagle, and in the lower atmosphere floated kites and hawks. Sometimes a brace of black partridges, startled by our approach, went whirring their noisy wings down into the lower copses, or a painted jay flew by, or a pair of doves spotted and rose-coloured, or some blue pigeons lingered to gaze at us, or a chatterbox peered from the gloom of a thicket, or a flight of excited starlings swept through the radiant air. Among these wild upland glens, where homesteads are few, solitary and scattered,

dwell too the leopard, the wolf, and the red and gray hyæna, the fox and the jackal, the pole-cat and the mungoose, the grey squirrel and the 'fretful porcupine,' together with a species of deer named here the *ráinh*, but lower down the *gúral*.[x] At one time we found ourselves in a deep, dark dell, all enclosed by precipices, a fit abode for the oracle of a god, in which flowed from perennial springs cold pellucid water, and where flourished an abundance of vegetable life, as the *Kamilá* adorned profusely with lovely red flowers and berries, the graceful drooping creeper *veyrí* renowned as a remedy for dyspepsia, the *gúngeyr*, the dull red berries of which are said to be purgative, such specimens of acacia as the *phuláh* or gum acacia, and the *kikar* or acacia arabica, and the *bér*, which is the jujube-tree, together with the *dhaman* glorious for its grand foliage and fair white flowers, and valuable for its fine elastic wood which is highly prized by the country bowyers.

Having dined that evening with our excellent host, Mr. T. L. Barlow of Gházi, we drew round the blazing log-fire, for the night air was bitterly cold, and spent the evening listening to one of my argumentative guides, who came in to relate to us all that he had ever heard of the adventures of Rájá Rasálu.

The legend then told and translated *vivâ voce* was published by me in an English dress in the *Folklore Journal* of the month of May in the present year.

In the following August and September a second and a very different version of Rasálu's adventures was published by subscription in Bombay.

These two versions, so far as I am aware, are the only two accounts of the old Panjáb hero which have as yet been made public.

The following account is a compilation from three different versions now in my possession. The first version is that from Gházi, referred to above. I obtained the second from an old professional bard named Júmá, who lives between Ráwal Pindi and Mari, and who believed himself to be one hundred and twenty years of age. The third version was recited to me by the bard Shuruf whose home lies much nearer to the borders of Kashmír.

All these three distinct versions, while contradictory in some points, serve to supplement each other in many more. Thus, Júmá's story of the Giants excelled Shuruf's in general interest and in dramatic completeness, but on the other hand Shuruf possessed treasures which the quavering voice of Júmá sang not of, as the charming legend of Mírshikári and the tale of the Swans. From Shuruf too I learnt the names of all the giants and of the giantess, the name of Rasálu's horse, and the important tradition that one of the giants at least, and probably all of them, possessed only a single eye. To him I am also indebted for the beautiful lament which I have rendered,

"Strange is Thy nature always, God most dread,"

and which, said he, was sung by the giantess Gandgarri when Rasálu imprisoned her under the mountain. This lament I have ventured to put into the mouth of the giant

Thirra, following Júmá's version that it was he, and not Gandgarri, who was thus imprisoned.

I once took Shuruf with me to Gházi and confronted him with some of the villagers of Gandgarh, when a very amusing discussion was the result. Poor Shuruf, belonging to a low and despised class, had to speak in very subdued tones to the fierce Patháns—"with bated breath and whispering utterance"—but he bravely held his own. Subsequently one of the villagers of Sirikót came to us privately and said,

"Sáhib, these bards know nothing whatever about the matter. The whole of these stories of theirs are invented out of their own heads. How could Rájá Rasálu and his Ráni have lived at Kheri-Murti, when we all know they lived at Mohat, not five miles off? I have seen the place and I will show it to you."

Hardly had he gone out when Shuruf entered the room with a most profound salaam, and squatting himself down and leaning forward as if timorous lest the very walls should overhear him, he half whispered,

"Sáhib, these villagers tell nothing but lies, all lies. How can they know better than we when our forefathers for hundreds of generations have handed down to us these very stories just as they are?"

Hours after, from the servants' quarters in rear, we continued to catch stray sounds of the dispute still raging, as all the events of Rasálu's career were narrated and canvassed, the old bard finally getting the best of the argu-

ment by showing a bolder front, and deluging his village critics with a torrent of verses, to their amazement and discomfiture.

To the lover of comparative folklore, the legends of Rájá Rasálu, all of them of great antiquity, should appeal with considerable power and interest. They contain echoes of the household tales of many lands, and they are not destitute of curious reminiscences of the folk-legends of the ancient Greeks, so familiar to us in their mythology and in the pages of their tragic poets. Here and there in these old-world fragments, orally preserved as they have been by a separate and distinct class of men in humble station, who were, and are, utterly unlettered, we catch glimpses, faint, yet tender, of the Golden Age dreamt of by the bards of yore. What could be more quaint and simple in its golden loveliness than the peaceful picture presented to us in the story of Rájá Rasálu and Rájá Bhojá? It is as though the warlike hero had passed out of a world of battle and strife into a region of a new and a happy existence, as if he had stepped backward in the march of Time, and was tasting of the delights of that blissful era, in depicting which the wild dreamy eloquence of the Knight of La Mancha enchanted the ears of his gaping rustic audience, for even to him it was not given to perceive until the very last, that, after all, the Golden Age lies not in the visionary past, but in the bright unfoldings of an assured future, in the hope full of immortality and in the glory that shall be revealed.

The stories of Rasálu open with an account of Queen Lúna and Prince Púran, Rasálu's half-brother, which is almost exactly the counterpart of the tale of Phædra and Hippolytus. The Greek hero loyally refuses to understand the disgraceful overtures of his step-mother Phædra, he is in consequence denounced by her, and his father Theseus, a demi-god in the toils of a girl, drives him away to exile and death. But Diana, ever enamoured of chastity, restores the youth to life, while the conscience-stricken Phædra confesses her crime. So, too, Púran is similarly tempted and accused, and similarly condemned. For years he lies as a corpse in a forsaken well, until the prophet Goraknáth raises him from the dead, while the remorseful Lúna acknowledges her guilty passion. The parallel is as nearly complete as possible.

In the tale of Mírshikári, again, we have a charming reminiscence of some of the most famous stories of classical antiquity. It is the story of Orpheus, of Amphion, of Pan, in an Indian dress. The Panjábí word "bín," which I have translated "lute," means either a stringed instrument or a wind instrument.* Shuruf the Bard believed Mírshikári's to have been the latter—the double pipes. These pipes, frequently seen in the Panjáb, are precisely identical with those which were used among the Greeks and Romans. They are the *tibiæ pares*, or, as Horace names them, the "Lydian Pipes." They consist of two separate flageolets, the male and the female, the *tibia dextra* and the *tibia sinistra*, answering to the different tones of the human

* The Lodiáná Panjábí Dictionary.

voice, and they are played by the one performer at the same time. In the Panjáb the upper extremities of these pipes are often fixed into a small hollow gourd, which answers the purpose of a receiver, and which is furnished as well with a single mouth-piece. It is this instrument which is used by travelling snake-charmers, and this too, according to Shuruf, was the instrument possessed by Mírshikári. The whole story of the hunter-king, however, is so redolent of classical traditional story, that I have adopted the alternative meaning of *bín*, and given Mírshikári a stringed-instrument—the lyra, which was really the cithara, of Apollodorus—using the word "lute" as more generic than "lyre," and as being equally appropriate, according to the beautiful lines in *Henry viii*:—

> "Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
> And the mountain tops that freeze,
> Bow themselves when he did sing."

Of Orpheus we read that his lyre was the gift of the god Apollo. In like manner Mírshikári derived his also from a god—from the immortal Kwájá Khizar, the tutelary deity of the Indus—a god whose prototype is uncertain, but whose cultus in a rude way still actually survives, who is thoroughly believed in and even worshipped by the Muhammadan dwellers by the "Father of Rivers," and whose aid is always invoked whenever the capricious current threatens to undermine their ancestral fields or villages.

Then again we picture Orphéus, as he is so often pictured on the domestic walls of Pompeii, sitting in woodland glades, and enchanting all nature with the "golden tones" of his lyre. So too Mírshikári, as represented in the legend, is canopied by trees and seated upon rocks, ravishing with the dulcet music of his magic lute the "poor dappled fools" with which forest and woodland abound.

When we turn to the legends of the giants we find in them a version of certain stories which are diffused universally. These giants are monsters, man-eaters, human in shape, demoniac in origin, who are a terror to gods and men. At last (still confining ourselves to Greek analogy) comes the deliverer Hercules in the person of Rasálu, who slays them all but one, and who buries the survivor under mount Gandgarh, just as in classical mythology, those of the Gigantes who escaped the avenging arm of the destroyer of their race were imprisoned under Ætna. Or, again, Rasálu is Ulysses who invades the giant dwellers in mountain caves, and at whom the one-eyed Akaldeo hurls an enormous rock, which the hero receives with calm indifference on the top of his shield.

This introduction would be rendered tediously long, if all the coincidences of common traditional lore which the Rasálu legends contain were examined and compared in detail. In Kág, the raven, we recognize the fabled attendant of the "father of the slain," the ill-boding "bird of Fate," (Strong's Frithiof's Saga, Notes, p. 32). In the "flying serpent" or dragon, which is doubtless the cobra, may be detected

that emblem of the creative principle in nature, or that manifestation of deity, which was ever an object of terror and worship all through the mysterious past. The manner n which the legend represents the subtle destroyer hovering over the faces of weary sleepers to draw away their life-breath is strongly suggestive of the grim picture in the Völuspá :—

"Then will come the dim
And flying dragon ;
The fierce serpent from below
The mountains of Nida ;
He floats on his wings,
He hovers over the plain,
Nidhöggr, over the dead."*

Again, we have distinct references to charms and incantations, to witchcraft and magic and the supernatural raising of storms, to the foundation sacrifice of human blood and to the headless warrior, to fables of monoliths and superstitions of the prints of horse-hoofs in the solid rocks, and to long-lasting periods of trance or coma, many of the traditions thus indicated being extremely Scandinavian in similitude and character. Passing by these various points of antiquarian interest, we may conclude this part of the introduction with a few words on the subject of enigmas and maledictions.

The riddles or enigmas which occur in some of these legends must strike the intelligent reader as exceedingly quaint and curious. In form and conception they are

*Old places revisited, or the Antiquarian Enthusiast. Vol. ii., p. 206.

precisely like those which have been handed down to us from the earliest periods of history. Samson, in the Book of Judges, has an adventure by the way. He kills a lion, and when he sees it again, a swarm of bees has settled in the hollow carcass. So he propounds to the enemies of his country a riddle thus—

> "Out of the eater came forth meat;
> Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

In a similar way Rasálu has an adventure in the forest. He remains a mute spectator of all the calamities which attend the death of his follower, and when arraigned before his foes, he confronts them with the riddle:—

> "One was killed and two died,
> Two were killed and four died;
> Four were killed and six died;
> Four were male and two were female."

If we turn to the myths of classical history, we find tha "mysterious songstress" the Sphinx ἡ ῥαψῳδος κύων,—

> * * * "The Sphinx, subtlest of fiends,
> Who ministered to Thebes heaven's poisoned wine,
> Unnatural love and more unnatural hate"—

we find her puzzling the world with that most calamitous, most sorrowful enigma of all—"What is that which walks on four feet in the morning, on two feet at noon, and on three feet in the evening?"

But there is another passage in the Greek which also forms a very near approach to the riddles of the legends which we are now considering. It is ascribed to Alexis

of Thurii, uncle of the famous Menander, who flourished about B.C. 356, and the following is a translation of it :—

[What is that which is] "neither mortal nor immortal, but having some sort of composite character so as to have the life neither of a man nor of a god, but to be always growing afresh, and again incurring destruction, being invisible to eyes and yet known to all men?

A. Ever thou delightest, O woman, in riddles. Who then can this child be, having such a nature?

B. It is sleep, O damsel, the soother of the labours of mortals."*

Comparing these enigmatical curiosities of the ancients with the riddles which occur in the legend of Rájá Rasálu and Rájá Sirikap, we discover a decided similitude common to both the series. There is a simplicity, amounting almost to childishness, which characterizes every one of them, as, for instance, the question wherewith Sirikap hopes to baffle his unwelcome visitor,—"What is that which has four beards, a blue foot, and a red neck?" And, if we consider that the legends of Rasálu are also of immense

* Οὐ θνητὸς οὐδ' ἀθάνατος, ἀλλ' ἔχων τινά.
σύγκρασιν, ὥστε μήτ' εν ἀνθρώπου μέρει,
μήτ' ἐν θεοῦ ζῆν, ἀλλά φύεσθαι τ' ἀεί,
καινῶς φθίνειν τε τὴν παρουσίαν πάλιν,
ἀόρατος ὄψιν, γνώριμος δ' ἅπασιν ὤν.
A. Ἀεὶ σὺ χαίρεις ὦ γύναι μ' αἰνίγμασιν,
Τίς οὖν τοσαύτην παῖς ἔχων ἔσται φύσιν.
B. Ὕπνος, βροτείων, ὦ κόρη, παυστὴρ πόνων.

Ramage's Selected Passages from the Greek.

antiquity, we must admit that the coincidences thus noted are to say the least remarkable.

The last point to be observed is that which is suggested by Rasálu's curse. How universal is that habit or custom by which mankind, or at least the religious races of the human family, and even the Deity Himself, are represented again and again as cursing the innocent earth, or the fruits thereof, in consequence of the occurrence of some terrible calamity, or the perpetration of some devastating wickedness! "Ye Mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew upon you!" is typical of maledictions which frequently occur, not only in the inspired pages of Holy Writ, but throughout all history. And what is true of history is true also of romance. How the crazy curses of Cassandra in the *Agamemnon* toll in the ears of the reader! Yet, in this respect Æschylus was excelled by Sophocles, nor, as it has been truly remarked, is *King Lear* itself more horrent with bristling curses than the *Œdipus Tyrannus* which exhibits the awful spectacle of the blind old king, pursued by a fate ever terrible and ever unrelenting, uttering as he goes infallible cursings over the heads of his two sons, already so dismally unfortunate. In that wonderful tragedy there is one passage which may fitly compare with a curse in our own Shakespeare's *Richard II*, and both passages may compare with the curse of Rájá Rasálu That from the *Œdipus* runs thus:—

> Καὶ ταῦτα τοῖς ῥὴ δρῶσιν ἐύχοραι θεοὺς.
> ῥήτ' ἄροτον ἀυτοῖς γῆς ἀνιέναι τινὰ,
> ῥήτ' οὖν γυναικῶν παῖδας.

"And for those who fail to obey these directions, I pray the gods that neither any seed crop may spring to them from their land, nor yet children from their wives."*

The curse from *Richard II.* is milder in character, but the idea is approximately the same—

Queen.—Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.
Gardener.—Poor queen, so that thy state might be no worse
I would my skill were subject to thy curse!†

How strikingly alike are these woeful words of the unhappy Isabella to the curse of Rasálu, when for the last time he looks on the mangoe-trees of the lost, guilty queen—

> O flushed with fruit or bare of bough,
> Fruit may ye never bear again;
> Dead is Koklán, her place is void,
> And flaming red the fires remain!"

But when did this famous hero flourish, and where dip he live?

To the former question no very decided answer can be given. Rasálu's name is neither inscribed on the glowing pages of history, nor does it survive on the enduring metal of ancient coins. He lives in the popular memory, and in the popular memory only. These legends open and close the one volume of his life, which has escaped the ravages of time and outlived the ruin of oblivion. The internal

* Œdipus Tyrannus. 269—271.
† Act iii, scene 4.

evidence thus preserved is of two kinds—the probable and the improbable. We must at once reject as improbable such statements as that Rasálu was ever a convert to Muhammadanism, or that in his time the Gospel of Arabia had even been heard of. It was natural for the native Panjábi bards, who in the eleventh century were compulsorily driven into the Musalmán fold, to deck out their old national hero in the trappings of Islám, if only to conciliate their stern conquerors. But the legends themselves undoubtedly belong to a period long anterior to the age of Muhammad, while some of them, as the legend of the Giants, must be ascribed to the heroic ages of the world, and to the very dawn of civilized political power.

The one point upon which the whole of the different authorities are agreed is, that Rasálu, a Rájpút prince, was the son and successor of Rájá Sáliváhán or Shalivhán, or as the bards pronounce the name, Sulwán. Now it is well known that Sáliváhán was a very powerful monarch, and that his era began in or about the year of Christ 77.* The belief that he attacked and slew the renowned Vikrámájit is evidently an error, since the latter king flourished B. C. 56.† It seems certain, however, that he inherited or conquered his kingdom of Ujein in the Dakkan, and that he overran a considerable portion of northern India, including the Panjáb. The legend represents him as reigning at Siálkót. History on the other hand affirms that his proper king-

* Elphinstone's India, p. 245.
† Brigg's Mahomedan Power in India, p. lxxv.

dom was the Dakkan.* Is there any evidence in the legends connecting Sáliváhán of Siálkót with the Dakkan? Yes—Rasálu having consolidated his rule at Siálkót on the death of his father, at once set out for the Dakkan, where he encountered his adventure with Mírshikári. It seems evident, therefore, that Sáliváhán of history, and Sáliváhán, or Sulwán, of legendary fable, are one and the same individual. If we assume that the year of Christ 77 represents the birth year of Sáliváhán, we may safely conclude that that sovereign expired about the year 130, so that Rájá Rasálu, the hero of the legends, may be asserted, with greater or less probability, to have flourished in the middle, or towards the close, of the second century of our era.

From this evidence it would also appear that Rasálu's kingdom extended from the Dakkan on the east to the river Indus on the west. Though for many years of his life he adopted the eccentric rôle of a knight-errant, wandering throughout his diminions, almost, if not wholly, unattended, bent on slaying giants, delivering captive princesses,† and achieving exploits wherever he went, it is clear that his favourite place of abode was somewhere close to the Upper Indus in the territory of Rájá Sirikap, whom he had dispossessed, whose capital was identical with the ancient

* Elphinstone's India, p. 245.

† In the version which I published in the *Folklore Journal* there is a story of Rasálu delivering a daughter of Sirikap from her captivity in a rock-hewn cell.

Taxila,* and who had a summer residence at Sirikót on mount Gandgarh, as well as a strong border castle at Kôt Bhitaur † on the Indus, about six miles below Áṭak. The whole of this country abounded with game, both large and small, and the climate, excepting during the extreme heat of midsummer, was perfection. Tradition in the district of Ráwal Pindi asserts that the hero's favourite castle stood in the hills of Kheri-murti, about twenty miles below Áṭak, in which case the once famous Ránithrod was probably its site. The villagers about Kálá-kí-Serai, however, while believing that Kheri-murti was the name of the district, all concur in saying that the fortress lay only "three kos" from Áṭak, which would answer to the site of Kôt Bhitaur. The people of Gandgarh, on the other hand, are positive that the castle where the queen Koklán met her death, and which witnessed the tragic fate of her lover Hodi, stood at the village of Mohat on the Indus, about six miles below Torbélá. I am strongly inclined to accept as correct the tradition of the men of Gandgarh, especially as Ōnd, the capital of Rájá Hodi,‡ who had a strong outpost at Áṭak, lay only a few miles distant on the opposite bank of the river, close to an ancient ferry which might well have been used by the enamoured monarch, the boats in vogue, from time immemorial, being large flat-bottomed barges, designed

* Sirikap's fort is still known as Sirikap-ká-kilá. It occupies a low hill, in the midst of the more ancient remains, about half a mile due north of the modern railway station of Kálá-kí-Serai.

† Local tradition.

‡ Local tradition.

for the passage of cattle and merchandize as well as of travellers, and therefore perfectly suitable for the conveyance of Hodi's horse as well as of himself, in accordance with the incidents described in the legend.

It should be observed that the ruined fortresses at Kálá-kí-Serai, at Ránithrod, at Kót Bhitaur, at Hodi's castle opposite Átak, at Ōnd, and lastly at Móhat, all exhibit precisely the same style of handsome massive solid stone building which characterized in these parts the most flourishing period of Buddhism, being exactly similar in this respect to the ancient ruins in the Jalálábád valley, a minute description of which I published in *The Times* of April 12th, 1879.

In conclusion it is fitting to add that in this work I have availed myself of the assistance of some native Panjábi friends, as well as of Mr. Barlow, and that to Mr. John Burke of Ráwal Pindi and Marí I am indebted for the photograph, which, at my request, he took of Shuruf the Bard, and which was the original of the frontispiece.

NAUSHERA, PANJAB,
November 1883.

CHAPTER I.

RASÁLU'S EARLY LIFE.

Râjá Sulwán and his two queens. The fate of Puran Bhagat, Rasálu's elder brother. His prophecy. Rasálu's birth and boyhood. His release from duress. His mischievous pranks and consequent banishment. His mother's lament.

On third of the week he entered the womb,
On the sixth he saw the light;
He was born a king both valiant and strong,
And Rasálu was he dight.

RÁJÁ SULWÁN of Siálkót, a descendant of the great king famous in story, whose name was Vikrámájit, of the empire of Ujain, had two queens, the elder of whom was Ichrán, and the younger Luná, a tanner's daughter. By the former, whom he had married first, he had a son Puran, who by the advice of the astrologers was secluded from the sight of his father in a lonely palace from

the moment of his birth until he had arrived at the age of puberty. On his release from duress he was permitted to appear at court, and his father on one occasion sent him to pay his respects to his newly married wife, Ráni Luná, who was about the same age as the young prince, and exceedingly fair. Puran also was remarkable for his great beauty, and Ráni Luná, when she saw him, fell deeply in love with him. But because he loyally refused to listen to her improper advances, she procured his disgrace, and his deluded and incensed father condemned him to exile and death. The executioners to whom he was committed, carried him far away into the wilds, where they cut off his hands and his feet, and cast him into a ruined well, there to languish and die. In that dismal place he lingered for many a year until he was rescued by the great saint Guru Gorakhnáth of Tilláh, who restored his limbs to him sound and whole as before, and showed him kindness and protection.

Prince Puran now determined to turn fakir, and concealing his identity, he temporarily took up his abode, by his director's advice, in a certain abandoned garden close to the palace of his father in Siálkót. The fame of his sanctity spread far and wide, until it was reported to the King Sulwán that the very trees of the garden, which had withered up to the roots and died, were miraculously beginning to bud and to put

forth leaves. So the king and his younger queen, being both desirous of offspring, determined to visit him. As they approached the spot, Puran said to himself—"Here comes my father, and not only he, but my stepmother as well; if she should chance to recognize me, she will again plot to work me ill."

But being a good man he considered once more, "Never mind, I trust in God. Whatever she does she must account for hereafter; and so, whether they recognize me or not, still out of respect I will rise and do obeisance to them."

When the king and his consort arrived at the place Prince Puran, the fakir, stood up and bowed himself humbly with his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Ah!" cried the king, "you have acted amiss; you are a fakir, and it is I who should have saluted you."

"O king," answered he, "once I had a religious instructor, and, as I remember, his face and form were not unlike those of your Highness: this is the reason I rose and salaamed at your approach."

Then the queen addressed him and said, "I also have come to see you, for I have no children."

"You shall certainly conceive and have a son," replied the fakir, "but your son's mother will always be crying even as the mother of your stepson was always crying. And just as by reason of the fraud

contrived by you the son of Ráni Ichrán fell upon evil days, so, though as a mighty king vowed to chastity your son shall conquer his foes, yet he shall at last perish through the falsehood and guile of a woman."

In due time the promised son was born into the world, and the king named him Rasál or Rasálu. Sorrow and heaviness attended his birth, for the conjunction of his stars presaged a life of storm and strife perilous to the State, and the astrologers prophesied evil to the king on account of him. Scarcely had he opened his eyes on the world, therefore, when he was banished to a solitary place, and, like his half-brother Puran before him, he was not permitted to see his father for twelve weary years. As he advanced in growth, however, he enjoyed a foretaste of his future glory in the stories of kings and heroes, which were recited or sung to him day by day by bards and minstrels, until the very name of war and the sound of arms tingled in his ears like music. All that was suitable to his position and agreeable to his destiny he practised and learnt; but most of all he excelled in magic, in archery, in riding, and in the use of the sword and lance, while the pleasures of chess-playing and deer-hunting filled up his lighter hours.

Thus passed the early boyhood of Prince Rasálu, until he was free to approach the capital and to set

foot over his father's threshold. He was remarkably strong and agile for his years, more like a man than a boy; and he was skilled in every generous accomplishment, and in every warlike exercise. Yet there was then one pastime which, beyond all others, he was fond of indulging in, and that pastime was shooting marbles from the pellet-bow. He used to watch for the women of the city as they returned from the river bearing on their heads full chatties or pitchers of water, and shooting his hard pellets with an unerring aim from the walls of the palace, he would break the pitchers into atoms, and laugh gaily when he saw the released water pouring down in floods over their shoulders. At last his victims made complaint to the wazir, and the wazir complained to the king; and as the prince had been warned again and again, he proposed his banishment. But the king answered, "One son of mine I dismissed to exile and death before, for which I shall for ever mourn. See, here is my treasury, take money sufficient for the purpose, and let the women of the city be provided with vessels of brass." Moreover he laid his commands on his son that he should cease to molest them.

But if the women imagined that their pitchers of brass would make the slightest difference, they were soon undeceived, for Rasálu fashioned a bow of steel,

and cast him pellets of iron; and so great was his strength of arm that, with faultless aim, he drove his bullets right through the brazen pitchers even when full charged with water. In dismay the people turned their steps again to the palace, and in answer to their prayers the wazir once more proposed the banishment of the prince.

"Nay," answered the king, "this is my only son; he must not be sent away. I therefore order that in every enclosure in the city a well shall be sunk, so that the women of each household may draw their abundance of water undisturbed."

So, in accordance with the king's directions, numerous wells were built throughout the city, and the inhabitants fondly reckoned on supplying their needs in freedom and quiet. But again they were disappointed, for the irrepressible prince ascended to the top of a high tower which commanded every homestead and walled enclosure within the gates, and from that vantage ground he continued to discharge his mimic artillery at the brazen pitchers to the despair of the unfortunate owners.

Then was the king importuned for the last time either to banish or to put to death his rebellious son; and his patience being at length exhausted, he answered, "Would to God Rasálu had never been born, or that even now he were taken away! Let

him leave my country, let him go wheresoever he pleases, but let me never look upon his face again." And to his mother Luná he said, "Tell that son of thine to quit my kingdom and never to enter it more."

Full of distress the queen sent for Rasálu and said to him, "Henceforth, my son, we shall be as strangers, for the king has pronounced your doom. You must leave your mother, your home, and your country, and go into exile."

"But why," asked the prince, "am I to leave you, mother, and why must I quit the country? What crime have I committed? Speak to the king, my father, and let him declare for what fault I am deserving of exile."

That night the queen entreated the king for her son with repeated solicitations and tears, but he, when roused, being a man of implacable temper, steadily refused to listen to her prayers, saying, "Rasálu's crime admits of no extenuation, he has plunged the people into distress in the matter of water, and his exile is the only remedy."

When the prince heard that his fate was irrevocable, he sought his father's presence and insolently said to him—"I will obey you in all things if on your side you will accept my two conditions. The first is, that you make me a Mussalmán; and the next is that you become a Mussalmán yourself."

Hearing these words the king lost control of himself, and in a fury he ordered his son to instantly quit the palace. At the same time he sent for his ministers and said to them, "Set up a figure fashioned like a man with his hand behind his back, and let the face of the figure be blackened. By this symbol my son will understand that he is doomed to perpetual banishment."

One day, as Rasálu was returning from the chase, he caught sight of the figure standing without his mother's palace, and, turning to his followers he said: "This statue is a sign that I must quit the kingdom. Lo, the goodness of the king my father! We are the descendants of the great King Vikrámájit who sold himself away in charity three hundred times; and for a mere trifle my father decrees my banishment. Nevertheless I will obey."

So he gathered together a chosen band of valiant men, the flower of the youth of Siálkót, and armed them with bows, lances and swords. He also provided himself with fleet horses and ample treasure, and when all was ready, he mounted his famous mare Bhaunrá-Iráki, which was born on the same day as himself, and, passing under the windows of his mother's palace, he bade her a long farewell, and set out from the city at the head of his followers, all eagerly bent on foray and spoil.

But the Ráni Luná, weeping and beating her

breast, looked out from her lattice, and watched the retreating figure of her son as he rode away into the wilds. There she remained straining her eyes, until a distant cloud of dust alone indicated the route which he had taken, and, as she watched and wept, she stretched out her hands, and cried through her falling tears :—

"O little, little can I see of you,
My son Rasálu !
Your crest the rolling dust obscures from view,
My own Rasálu !
With knives of hardened steel my heart is riven,
It burns like flames within the furnace driven,
O hear, Rasálu !
Whose son goes forth to exile, storm, and strife,
How doubly, trebly vain that mother's life !"

CHAPTER II.

RASÁLU'S FIRST TRIUMPHS.

His visit to Gujerát. His expedition against the Princes of Jhílam. His adventure with the hermit of Tilláh. The hermit's prophecy.

HAVING turned his back upon his native land, Rájá Rasálu marched towards the kingdom of Gujerát. Wherever he encamped on his route the whole country was made aware that he was bound on an expedition of adventure, and that he would enroll all good men and true who would join his standard. Thus, by the time he arrived at the capital of Gujerát he found himself in command of a strong force of hardy warriors, all eager to do battle for their youthful leader.

The King of Gujerát was a Gujar, the head of a race of Rájputs in alliance with the house of Siálkót, and friendly to Rájá Sulwán. Hearing that a foreign force had encamped within sight of his walls, he went

forth to hold a parley with them, and, when he met Rasálu, he addressed him courteously saying,—"Who are you?—

"What Rájá's son are you,
And say what name you bear;
Where lies your fatherland,
What city owns you there?"

And to him Rasálu made answer—

"Ráják-Sulwán's son am I,
Rasálu is my name;
Siálkót is my fatherland,
My city is the same."

Then was Rasálu received and welcomed with befitting honour, and festivities were held to celebrate his arrival at Gujerát.

"But," said the Gujar king, "you are heir to a kingdom; why then do I see you at the head of an army so far away from your own dominions?"

"Near Jhílam," answered Rasálu, "there is a territory containing numbers of giants who have been turned into stone, but it is held by usurpers. Of that country my father claims a fourth share, as being near of kin to the former rájás; and, as his rights are denied, I am now on my way to maintain them, and to recover my patrimony."

Then the Gujar king offered help to Rasálu, saying, "Take with you a contingent of my troops, chosen marksmen, with arms and munitions of war, and go,

and prosper against your enemies." And to his own men he said, "Go, fight for Rájá Rasálu, and do not return until you are dismissed."

When the prince arrived at the land of the Petrified Ones he at once began his warlike operations; besieging forts, throwing up earthworks, and cutting off supplies. Rasálu's strength was that of a giant; his bow, made out of steel, could be drawn by no one but himself, and he had three arrows, each of them weighing a hundred pounds, which never failed to hit, and which he never failed to recover.

After a short blockade the principal fortress was carried by storm, and the city fell into the hands of Rasálu. Much spoil was taken, gold, and silver, and precious stones, and splendid raiment, and many a fair damsel, all of which was divided among his captains and men-of-war.

Then, while the petty princes fled away, or else submitted, and consented to acknowledge Rasálu as lord and master, the kingdom was reduced to order, laws were enforced, and under chosen governors prosperity once more smiled on the land.

It was during his halt at Jhílam that Rájá Rasálu heard of the famous hermit, or saint, whose abode was at the village of Tilláh, and as this man's reputation for working miracles and signs was in everybody's mouth, he determined to pay him a visit. The

hermit's power was so great, that he knew of the king's approach long before he came to the foot of the hill on which he lived, and addressing his disciples he said, "Rájá Rasálu is at hand with purpose to put my knowledge to the test. But, as he is the son of a Hindu, he ought to have known his duty better. However, I will anticipate him, and test him, and we shall see whether his own power is so great as rumour asserts."

His pupils answered him, "True, O master; they say his arrow is so strong and swift that it will pierce a stone. Therefore divine something."

The hermit then turned himself into an immense hungry tiger, and when the king's followers saw the wild beast prowling round about the house, they were alarmed, and said "See, so great is the power of this hermit that even the very tigers acknowledge his sway. Come, let us return!"

But Rájá Rasálu answered sternly, "He is a wise man who will finish an enterprise; the foolish are they who falter and admit failure."

Then the king challenged the tiger, and said, "You are indeed a mighty full-grown tiger, but I am a Rájput. Come, let us do battle together!"

In reply, the tiger uttered a terrific growl like the roar of a coming earthquake, and crouching down, he prepared to spring. But Rasálu fitted two of his

tremendous arrows to his bow of steel, when immediately, the tiger was confounded with fright and vanished away.

The king now went forward to the house of this famous hermit, whom he found sitting calmly in the midst of his disciples, and who at once arose and made a respectful salutation to one who was more powerful than himself.

"Pretty hermit this," cried the king, "to stand up to me or to any one?"

The saint, feeling irritated and ashamed, said, "O King, this hill is only the abode of poor anchorites. It is not Gandgarh, which is the home of giants. If you engaged the famous giants of Gandgarh, and if you slew them, you would achieve glory and renown; but there can be no renown and no glory in lording it over hermits."

"O Sir," answered the King, "you taunt me. Now, as I am a descendant of the great King Vikrámájit, I vow never to abide in my home in peace, until I have conquered the giants whose praises you publish so loudly."

"As for me," said the appeased prophet, "I can only pray for your success in an enterprise so fraught with hazard and adventure. Yet, by my power of divination, I foretell that you will prosper and overcome them, if you will remember and do what I

bid you :—First, draw not your sword against the innocent ; and next, lift not your hand to shed the blood of a woman."

Then Rájá Rasálu left that place, and continued his journey.

CHAPTER III.

RASÁLU'S RETURN FROM EXILE.

His visit to Mecca. His reception by the Hazràt. He becomes a Muhammadan. News from Siálkót. The fallen walls, and the human sacrifice. Zabéro's appeal to the Hazrat. Invasion of Siálkót. Capture of the city. Death of Sulwán and Rasálu's succession.

HAVING subdued the princes in the borders of Jhílam and set up a government of his own, Rájá Rasálu again set out to look for adventures.

Wandering he knew not whither, he at last came to a noble city having walls and towers, and going to the gates he enquired "Who is the chief of this place?"

"This," answered the watchmen, "is the city of Mecca, and the chief of Mecca is the Hazrat, Amám Ali Lák."

"Now is the finger of God made manifest," said Rasálu, and, riding through the gates, he approached

the chief's abode and stood without, requesting an interview.

When the Hazrat understood that a stranger had arrived to see him, he arose, and came out, and when the usual salutations had been interchanged, he said, "Who are you?—

"What Rájá's son are you,
And say what name you bear;
Where lies your fatherland,
What city owns you there?"

And Rásalu made answer:—

"Rájá Sulwan's son am I,
Rasálu is my name;
Siálkót is my fatherland,
My city is the same."

Then asked the Hazrat, "What are those enormous clubs, which you are carrying? Are those your weapons?"

"They are arrows," answered Rasálu.

"Verily," said the Hazrat, "you must be a notable champion, strong and doughty. Why then have you come to see me, and how can I serve you?"

"I have come to your house," answered Rasálu, "to ask you for two favours, nor do I think there is any one else in the whole world who can grant them besides yourself."

"What are they?" enquired the Hazrat.

"The first," replied Rasálu, "is, that of your goodness you will join me in war against the king of Siálkót, and the next is, that you will admit me with your own hands to Muhammadanism."

The Hazrat at once professed his readiness to assist his visitor in every way, and, having made him a Mussalmán, he said, "In a short time your father will be subdued, and he also will become a Mussalmán."

But Rasálu said, "Sir, Rájá Sulwán is a great king, possessed of unbounded power, and commanding a great army, and do you think so mighty a prince is to be subdued so easily? I fear he will never be conquered by you."

"Do not trouble yourself," replied the Hazrat. "The King of Siálkót will be conquered far more easily than you imagine."

As they were thus conferring together a certain astrologer arrived at Mecca, and entering the court he was greeted by the Hazrat, who said, "What news to-day?"

"Sad news," answered the astrologer. "One of the walls of the fort of Siálkót has fallen, and tyranny is rife within the city."

"Let us abide in patience," said the Hazrat, "and let us see what will come to pass next."

So Rasálu took up his abode at Mecca, and there he remained, waiting for a sign from the Hazrat.

As the wizard had spoken, so had events proved. Many of the walls and bastions of the fort of Siálkót had crumbled in dust to the ground, and the king made proclamation that the work should be restored forthwith. Three times the builders essayed the task, laying stone upon stone both night and day, and three times the work again collapsed in hopeless ruin.

Then Rájá Sulwán sent for all the magicians of Siálkót, and for all his wise men, and said to them, "Why will not the walls stand?" and they answered, "If the head of your son Rasálu, or the head of the son of the woman Zabéro, be taken off, and laid beneath the foundations, then the walls will surely abide."

Having received their answer, the king said, "Rasálu is not in the realm. Would that he were! But since that rebellious one is absent, go find the son of the old woman Zabéro, and bring him before me."

At once some soldiers were despatched to search for the lad throughout the city, and in due time he was found, and roughly dragged before the king. He was a youth aged about fifteen, and Rájá Sulwán observed that on his arm he wore a *gáná*, which is a nuptial bracelet composed of a betel-nut, an iron ring, and a cowrie, tied with scarlet thread, and that his head was adorned with a *sehrá*, or nuptial garland of flowers.

"Why," said the king, "are you thus decked out?"

"To day," answered the lad, "is my wedding day."

"It makes no difference," cried the king. "Away with him, and bring me his head without delay!"

Then was the lad seized by the executioners, and led away to be beheaded. And when his head was cut off, it was laid down before the feet of the king, who ordered it to be embedded in the foundations of the new walls. The king's orders were at once carried out, the head was built into the foundations, and the people then completed the work, which remained standing, firm and solid as a rock.

But Zabéfo, the old woman, when she witnessed the murder of her son, fell to weeping and crying, and she began to pull out her hair, and to throw dust on her head, and she left the country, and went lamenting and complaining towards Mecca. After a long and difficult journey she reached the city, and, when the Hazrat saw her, he enquired about her trouble, saying "What evil has fallen upon you, O woman, that you seem distracted with grief?"

"My only son," said she, "has been cruelly killed by the tyranny of Rájá Sulwán."

Then said the Hazrat, "Have patience. After seven days I shall march, for your sake, against Siálkót, and with Rájá Rasálu I will wage war on Sulwán."

On the seventh day the Hazrat put all his forces in motion, and joined by Rasálu he set out for the king-

dom of Siálkót. As they marched along Rasálu and the old woman Zabéro conferred together, and one of them remarked to the other, "The Hazrat's army is a very small one. What will he do against so great a king as Rájá Sulwán? I think he will never be able to conquer him. Let us therefore advise him that his best plan is to turn back."

Now the Hazrat divined their thoughts, and knowing how they had been consulting, he said to them, "What are you talking about? Do you desire a more powerful force than this?"

"Yes," answered they. "We think it would be better."

Then said the Hazrat, "Close your eyes," and they closed them. After two minutes, he again said, "Open them again and look about you."

When they had opened their eyes, and gazed round about on every side, they were astonished to see that all the trees, the birds, and the animals, fully armed and arrayed, were marching along with them to battle. And their minds being re-assured as to the power of their leader, they dismissed their doubts, and continued their march in confidence and joy.

At last they arrived at the city of Siálkót, and encamped without the walls. There the Hazrat took Mírzá Nizám Dín, and sent him to Rájá Sulwán with a letter, the purport of which was, "O Rájá,

come and take back your son into favour, and yourself become a Mussalmán."

When the king read the letter he tore it to pieces, and lifting his sword he smote the envoy and hewed him into pieces. Then, closing the gates of the fortress, he manned the walls with his archers and slingers, and with all his mighty men of war, and began to fight against the Hazrat, Amám Áli Lák. Many an assault was repelled successfully, and many a contest was fought beneath the crowded towers of Siálkót between the rival heroes on both sides. Seven days the battle raged with undiminished fury, but the besieging force failed to gain the slightest advantage, for the walls were founded in human blood.

At last the Hazrat took his sword, and shore off his own head with it. Then lifting aloft the dripping skull, he hurled it with both his hands against the gates of the city, which instantly broke into fragments, and flew wide open. Rushing among his followers with waving sword, the headless warrior now led them in a body to the gateway, where for a whole day he fought with terrific energy, and where the last desperate struggle was maintained over the dead bodies of thousands, until the troops of Sulwán were all put to the sword, or made captives of war, and the city and fortress had become the prize of the victors.

It is said by some that Rájá Sulwán was tracked to his citadel by his own son, who said to him, "Either accept Muhammadanism for yourself, andyour kingdom, or die!" and that the old king spurned the conditions with scorn, when he was at once cut down. Others, however, deny this, and say that he perished by some unknown hand in the general massacre. In any case, the King of Siálkót was found among the dead, and buried as became his rank, and he was succeeded by his son Rasálu, who ascended the throne and formed a government of his own.

As for the old woman Zabéro, she was amply recompensed, for the young king conferred upon her in free gift one half the city, saying to her, "I cannot bring back your son to life, for that power is God's alone; but I can ensure your days from poverty and want. Accept this grant by way of consolation; and now may you live in plenty, and end your years in peace!"

After this, Rájá Rasálu, having appointed a regent to administer the affairs of the kingdom, determined to set out with Bhaunra Iráki, his horse, and Shádi, his parrot, to seek for fresh adventures; and so, leaving the home of his fathers once more, he went away into the wilds.

CHAPTER IV.

RÁJÁ RASÁLU AND MÍRSHIKÁRI.

Rasálu sets out for the Dekhan. His arrival in the forest and meeting with Mírshikári. Mírshikári becomes his pupil. Rasálu's conditions. Mírshikári and his queen. He violates his promises. The fate of the Buck and the Doe. The death of Mírshikári. Rasálu and Mírshikári's wife. He is accused of murder, and acquitted. The burial and epitaph of Mírshikári.

WHEN he had established a new government in Siálkót, Rájá Rasálu set out for the Dekhan, because he wished to meet and to see Mírshikári, the renowned hunter.

As he was riding along, his horse suddenly heard the sweet strains of distant music proceeding from the depths of the forest. "Sir," said she to her master, "what is that sweet sound which I hear, and whence is it coming?"

Then said Rasálu. "I have been told that there is a certain king of the greenwood named Mírshikári, who sits in the forest playing on a lute, which was given to him by the Water-king, the immortal Khwájáh Khizar. All the animals, when they hear the melodious music, come and gather around him to listen. Then, when he finds a chance, he shoots at them with his bow, and kills whatever game he favours."

Saying this, Rájá Rasálu with his horse, and with Shádi, his favorite parrot, followed the direction of the sound, and approached the glade in which Mírshikári was sitting.

Now, Mírshikári had been informed by astrologers that in the course of time one Rasálu would come, who should be his master in magic, and fighting, and in woodcraft. So he was always expecting him; and now, when he saw a mounted stranger approaching, he enquired of him, "Who are you?—

"What Rájá's son are you,
And say what name you bear;
Where lies your fatherland,
What city owns you there?"

And Rasálu answered him:—

"Rájá Sulwán's son am I,
Rasálu is my name;
Siálkót is my fatherland,
My city is the same."

Then asked the Mírshikári, "Are you the Rasálu that should come?

"Yes," answered the king.

"As I have heard about you," said Mírshikári, "so now have I seen you."

"What have you heard about me?" enquired Rasálu,

"The real Rasálu," answered Mírshikári, "carries an arrow weighing one hundred pounds. By this token I know you are the real Rasálu, and to-day, by the grace of God, I have met you in the forest, where I had scarcely hope of seeing you at all."

Then said Rasálu, "What are you doing? Why are you playing on this lute?"

"It is my usual custom," answered Mírshikári; "Every day of my life I play on my lute in order to notice the animals, because, when my lute is playing, all the animals of the forest gather round me to listen to it, and then, watching my chance, I choose my sport, and shoot at them, and kill them, since I cannot live without flesh-meat every day. But, O my Master, as you have come to the greenwood at last, I pray that you will make me your disciple."

"So let it be," said Rasálu, "but first, if you will be a follower of mine, there are three conditions which you will have to accept."

"Whatever shall be told me," said Mírshikári, "that shall I observe to do implicitly."

Then, said Rasálu, "The first condition is this—Let no one know of my coming here, and tell no one that you have seen me. The second is this—You may go and shoot over three sides of the forest, the north, the east, and the west, but on the fourth side you shall not shoot. And the third condition is this: On the forbidden side of the forest there live two deer, a buck and a doe. On no account must you kill them."

Then Mírshikári asked, "How shall I know which of all the deer of the forest the two forbidden ones are?"

To him Rasálu returned answer, "On the south side of the forest those two deer live, and to that side alone they resort. You will never meet them, and you will never see them, unless you go there. But if you do go there, and if you shoot them, you will forfeit your own life."

All these terms were accepted by Mírshikári, and Rasálu, having shown him his own mode of using weapons of war, and of the chase, went away from that place, and tarried in another part of the forest.

Then Mírshikári, after playing on his lute and killing some deer, returned to the city, and when he had eaten his food he went to his chamber, and there he began to address sweet words to his wife. In the midst of their colloquy he broke the first condition

imposed upon him by Rájá Rasálu, for he said to her "To-day I have seen Rasálu in the forest."

The woman turned round and said, "You are speaking a jest. What, is Rasálu a madman, to be wandering about in the woods? What a wise man are you!"

Feeling ashamed and abashed on account of his wife's words, he took an oath of God before her, and said, "I have verily seen Rájá Rasálu to-day with my own eyes."

But his wife believed not his words, and she said to him, "Hold your tongue, and do not tease so much."

After a short time Mírshikári ordered his wife to prepare his breakfast overnight, "because," said he, "to-morrow I must be in the forest long before dawn."

Hearing this speech his wife thought to herself "It is useless to take so much trouble at so late an hour. Everything can be got ready before he starts in the morning."

At the fixed time on the morrow she awoke, and having bathed, she went to the cook-room to prepare some food for Mírshikári, but she was astonished at finding that there was no meat in the house. Then said she, "Mírshikári will not eat anything but meat. I must go into the street to the stalls of the butchers, and bring two pounds of goat's flesh."

So she went to a butcher, and said, "Give me two pounds of goat's flesh, and to-morrow I will give you four pounds of venison instead of it."

"At this time of night," answered the butcher, I cannot open my door. What you are, God knows, some witch, perhaps, or a gaintess, or, it may be, an evil spirit." "I am the wife of Rájá Mírshikári," replied the woman.

Then said the butcher, "If you are the wife of Mírshikári, bring me the money, and I will give you the two pounds of meat."

In the meantime, while his wife was arguing with the butcher, Mírshikári woke up, and he called and looked, but, in the palace his wife was nowhere to be found. For some time he waited, but he waited in vain, for she did not return. Then, as it was growing late, and as he was tired of waiting, he took up his lute, his quiver, and his bow, and, without any breakfast, he went out to his shooting. When he arrived at the ground, he broke the second condition, for he chose the side of the forest which had been forbidden to him by his master Rasálu.

Having fixed on a place he sat himself down, tuned the strings of his lute, and began to play. The beautiful strains floated on the morning air, and penetrated into the depths of the forest, so that, as Rájá Rasálu was wandering about, his horse again

heard the sweet woodland notes, and said to the King, "Sir, it is the sound of the lute we heard in the woods yesterday."

"You are right," answered Rasálu, "but my man has not fulfilled my behest, nor has he regarded my word, and now we shall witness the turning of his fate."

Meanwhile, as Mírshikári was playing on his lute, the two deer, a buck and a doe, came out of the forest into the open glade, and there stood still to listen. As they felt themselves drawn towards the spot where the lute was playing, the doe said to the buck, "Let us wait here and see. Perhaps it is Rájá Mírshikári playing on his lute. I am afraid, lest, seeing us, he will kill us dead, because by means of his treacherous lute he has already done much to empty the woods."

On hearing these unexpected words Mírshikári stopped his music, and glancing all round him he saw a chichrá tree, covered with large green leaves. Then moving softly to it, he plucked some of the foliage, and having fastened it all over his body he made himself leafy and green like the tree, and taking up his lute be began to play on it once more, and, as he played, he slowly advanced towards the buck and the doe.

When the two deer saw him approaching the buck said to the doe, "He is coming toward us for something, let us go and meet him."

But the doe said—"Do not move a step further," to which the buck made answer :—

"In the forest I was bred,
In the forest I was fed,
And the forest is my home ;
Some little leafy tree,
To discover you and me,
In extremity doth roam."

Then said the doe to her simple husband :—

"In the forest I was bred,
In the forest I was fed,
And the forest is my home ;
Such a thing could never be
For a little leafy tree,
On two little feet to roam.

But the buck, being resolved to go forward, said :—

"In the forest I was bred,
In the forest I was fed,
In the forest I abide ;
And, if hunger be his plea,
Or, if forced by fate he be,
We may venture to his side."

"No, no," cried the doe, "be well advised :—

"In the forest I was bred,
In the forest I was fed,
In the forest I abide ;
By his acting I can see
He would capture you and me,
And our flesh he would divide."

"O my husband," continued she, "you should not go nearer."

Saying this, she stopped, but the wilful buck went nearer and nearer, listening to the dulcet music, and, when Mírshikári saw him well within flight of his arrow, he took his lute between his teeth, and drawing his bow, he shot at him, and the foolish deer, being pierced by the sharp weapon in the shoulder, fell to the ground. Then ran Mírshikári swiftly forward, and drawing his knife he prepared to cut the throat of his quarry according to custom.

But all the time Rájá Rasálu was watching his proceedings, saying to his horse, "He has disregarded my counsel; look and you will see the trouble which shall shortly fall upon him."

Mírshikári now lifted his knife to despatch his victim, when the deer addressed him in reproachful plaintive words, and said:—

"Thou tyrant thrower of the pointed dart,
Thine edgeless knife, O lay it by;
But take the lute, the lute that pierced my heart,
And strike some chords before I die;
O tyrant, sweep the trembling strings again,
I fain would hear one fleeting dying strain!"

Then said Mírshikári, "His death has been caused by my lute, and I must therefore play for him something more. Yet I am in fear lest, as I play, he may suddenly turn his head and gore me with his horns."

So he sat upon him astride, pressing him down with the weight of his body, and, thus seated, he began to play upon his lute once more, while the dying buck, as his life ebbed slowly away, listened to the ravishing sounds.

When he had finished playing, Mírshikári laid aside his lute again, and lifting his knife he passed it over the throat of the buck, and let out his life-blood.

After this, he looked about him for some water, "For," said he, "if the knife be not washed, my game will not be fit for eating." But no water was to be seen excepting the heavy dew which lay all round about upon the earth. So he wiped his blood-stained knife in the grass, and, when it was cleansed, he held it between his teeth in order that he might also wipe the blood from his hands in the same manner. But it so happened that no sooner had he put his hands into the wet grass than he was stung by a viper. Uttering a loud cry, he dropped the knife from his mouth, which falling upon the serpent cut it into two pieces so that it died, and presently Mírshikári himself, as the poison pervaded his system, gave up the ghost and expired as well.

Seeing this, Rájá Rasálu, who was watching all these fatal consequences, said to his horse, "Now see what will come to pass next."

After a little while the doe stole out from the jungle to look for her husband, and she found him dead. She also saw Mírshikári lying still upon the ground. Then thought she to herself, "The hunter-king has been shooting for a long time, and now being tired he is taking his rest." But venturing nearer she espied the dead snake cut into two pieces, and the knife resting close by. Then understood she that her husband had been killed by Mírshikári, that Mírshikári had been killed by the snake, and that the snake had been killed by the knife.

Having looked upon this dismal spectacle, she said to herself, "Now for me to live longer in the world is useless, for God knows who may not kill me, or what sufferings it may not be my lot to endure." And she began to wonder how she should destroy herself. After thinking and considering she said, "O my husband's horns, they are sharp as spears! I shall put straight his head and jump upon them, and their points will pierce through my body and kill me."

So saying, she set the buck's head upright, and going to a little distance she leaped upon his sharp tapering horns which, penetrating her body, ripped her open and killed her. In her dying struggles she gave premature birth to two little kids, a male and a female, but they, after breathing the air for a few short moments, expired likewise by the side of their dam.

And all the time Rájá Rasálu was gazing at the scene, watching every hapless circumstance, and he now said to his horse, "Let us see what will come to pass next."

In a few minutes a jackal came out of the forest, and finding so many dead bodies lying prone upon the ground, he began to trim his moustachios, and to leap and frisk for joy, saying to himself, "God has given me lots of good things to-day! I'll eat my fill, and sleep, and eat again. But Mírshikári is a strong man and a famous hunter, and if he wakes up he will certainly kill me. So my best plan will be to steal his bow-string and throw it away, because then, if he should awake, he would never without it be able to harm me, and meanwhile I should have time to escape."

Saying this, the jackal came silently towards Mírshikári, and taking away his bow and skipping into the jungle, he endeavoured to break it. But the string was made of twisted steel wire which proved too tough for his teeth. At last, putting the side of the bow on his hind legs and one end of it under his chin, he succeeded in slipping the wire, but the rebound of the weapon was so sharp and so sudden that it tore him in two, and the upper part of his body went flying towards the sky.

When Rájá Rasálu saw the jackal's fate he laughed, and said, "Let us go and look at them now." Coming

to the spot, he said to his horse, "What shall we do? What arrangement shall we make for the body of Mírshikári?"

"Lay it on his own horse," answered he, "and he will carry it straight to his house."

Then Rasálu lifted the body and was going to lay it on Mírshikári's horse, but the animal objected, saying, "As he refused to obey your orders, I will never carry him more."

"At least," said Rasálu, "guide me to your master's palace," and taking from the fatal spot Mírshikári's turban,—his quiver, his bow, and his lute, he followed the dead hunter's horse, which led them on through the grassy glades and the leafy alleys of the forest.

As they entered the city, Rájá Rasálu caught sight of a woman standing at the stall of a butcher who was weighing out some meat, and he overheard her saying, "Do not longer delay. My husband Mírshikári is waiting."

Then Rasálu stopped, and said to her, "O woman! what are you doing?—

"You weigh the flesh within the scale,
But say for whom the flesh you weigh?
The flesh you weigh will ne'er avail
The man who looked his last to-day."

The woman hearing these words turned and said, "Who are you thus cursing my husband?"

"I am a king," answered Rasálu.

"A wise king too," replied the woman, "to curse another man needlessly. It is no good thing which you do."

But Rasálu enquired of her, "Would you recognize your husband's things if they were shown to you?"

"Yes," answered she, looking up in wonder.

Then laid he down before her Mírshikári's turban, his lute, and his weapons, and said "Examine and see if these are your husband's."

As soon as she looked upon them she swooned and fell senseless to the ground.

When she came to herself she arose, and ran to the palace of the king who was the overlord of all that country, weeping, and beating her breast, and Rasálu followed her. There she cried aloud, "Sir, this man has killed my husband Mírshikári."

The king, hearing her distressful cries, ordered a trial, and at the hour appointed one hundred men were despatched to bring Rájá Rasálu to the court. But Rasálu collecting them all in one place, covered the whole of them under the broad expanse of his shield, and then sent a message to the king, saying, "Come and take your men from under my shield."

When the king understood what a wonderful master of magic he was, and how great was his might to cover one hundred men with his shield, he sent other messen-

gers, saying to them "Do not use force with him. Bring him by solicitations and prayers." As soon as they arrived they requested Rasálu to come before their lord, humbly beeseching him.

"Willingly," answered he, and when he entered the king's presence, he said, "Why do you want me?"

"Why have you slain Mírshikári?" replied the king.

Then said Rájá Rasálu, "I also will ask you a riddle, and if you can answer it, you will know of the death of Mírshikári:—

"One was killed and two died;
Two were killed and four died;
Four were killed and six died;
Four were males and two were females."

But the king was unable to guess the answer. Therefore said he to his ministers, "Go with this stranger, whoever he is, and see if he tells the truth."

So Rasálu conducted them to the forest, where they came and saw all the six bodies lying lifeless together on the ground. Taking up the corpse of Mírshikári they took it into the presence of the king, who, having heard their tale, looked upon it and said of Rasálu, "This man is telling the truth."

Then Rájá Rasálu carried the body of his disciple Mírshikári back into the forest, and there he laid it down, and he dug a grave for it both long and deep with

his own hands, and buried it under the shade of the trees. And over the spot he erected an enduring tomb, and proclaimed to the whole city, "Whosoever would go hunting, let him first go visit the tomb of Mírshikári, and do homage at his grave."

Having performed this last act of piety to the remains of the hunter-king, he engraved on his tomb the following epitaph, and then went his way:—

"King Dharthali, prince without a peer,
Took nought away for all his might;
So this great world shall disappear,
As fades a star-bespangled night."*

* It seems safe to assume that Rasálu, before leaving the Dekhan, revealed himself to the people as their new suzerain, the son and heir of the deceased Sulwán.

CHAPTER V.

RÁJÁ RASÁLU AND THE SWANS.

Rasálu arrives at a city. He shoots an arrow thirty miles high. The two crows. Their visit to the sky, and return. They shelter in a swan's nest. The male crow's deceit. Rájá Bhój's judgment. Rasálu and the jackal. Rasálu and Bhój. The jackal's subtilty. Rájá Bhój's admission. Recall of the swans and the crows. Rasálu's wisdom.

RASÁLU, in his wanderings, once came to a certain city, on the gate of which he read an inscription setting forth that Rasálu of Siálkót, the son of Sulwán, would one day appear; that he would shoot an arrow thirty miles high; and that his reward should be a turban thirty miles long.

There Rasálu determined to tarry; and one day in the presence of the inhabitants, when feats of strength were being exhibited, he took one of his

arrows and shot it towards the sky. All the people stood to gaze, waiting for the return of the arrow, but as it never came back they said,

"This must be the real Rasálu."

Then they wove for him a turban thirty miles long and proclaimed him as the real Rasálu throughout the city; and, for his great strength, he was held in honour of all men.

The next day he entered on his travels again, and, as he was walking by a river-side, he saw a crow and his mate sitting fondly together, and he heard the female bird saying,

"Please take me up to the sky."

"No one can go up to the sky," answered the male bird.

But she insisted and said,

"Take me up as high into the air as you can."

Saying this she mounted up and the male bird followed her, and both went flying skywards until they were out of sight, and Rasálu wondering what would come of this adventure, continued his wanderings.

The two birds flew up so high, that at last they came to a region of rain, hail, and snow, which kept falling continually, and the female bird, drenched and terrified, cried,

"For GOD'S sake save my life, and take me to some place of shelter."

"What can be done now?" said her companion. "It is your own fault, why did you not obey me there and then?"

With these words they began to descend, and worn out with fatigue, they fell on to a certain island in the middle of the sea. Then said the female crow,

"Let us go and look for some place of shelter."

Searching here and there they at last saw a swan with his mate sitting in a nest in the middle of a tree. The crow approached, and offered his salaams to the swan, who said,

"What do you want, O crow?"

"For the sake of GOD," answered the crow, "be good enough to give us a corner to shelter in to save our lives."

"Although between you and me," said the swan, "there is no relationship, still, come in and take rest."

On hearing this, the female swan protested, and said,

"I cannot allow him to come into my house. He is a mean fellow, and our kinspeople will reproach us."

"He is asking for shelter in the name of GOD,' said her husband, "and I am therefore bound to allow him to enter and rest."

The crow and his mate then crawled into the nest, and the swan offered them to eat whatsoever his house afforded.

The next morning, the rain being over, the crows stepped forth, and the male bird said to the swan,

"Dear friend, against the wicked you should always be on your guard."

"He who will do evil shall suffer evil," answered the swan.

"True," said the crow, "but whether a man do evil or not, he should always keep the base and the unworthy at a distance."

"What do you mean by saying this?" enquired the swan.

"Do you not know," said the crow, "that in a single night you have robbed me of my swan-wife whom I have tenderly reared for twelve years? You had better give her back to me."

"Is this your return for all my kindness?" asked the swan.

"I do not know the meaning of kindness," replied the insolent crow, "give me back my wife! Otherwise, you must either fight with me, or go to the king's court for judgment."

"I have no desire to fight with you," answered the swan. "Come, let us go to the king's court."

All the birds at once set out and came to the palace of Rájá Bhój. When they entered the court the king enquired,

"Why have those four birds come here to-day? Bring them before me first."

Then were they marshalled by officers before the judgment seat, and they said,

"Sire, we have come to you for a decision, condescend to listen."

"What is it you want?" asked the king.

"Enquire from the crow," said the swan.

"Nay," replied the crow, "I do not wish to say anything whatever; please ask the swan."

Then the swan stated his case thus—

"Struck down by storm, and rain, and driving snow,
With cries for shelter came this crafty crow;
In GOD'S great name he proffered his request,
We gave him all we had—our place of rest;
But lo! when morning dawned, good turned to ill,
He sat and mocked us, and he mocks us still."

Then the crow stood forward, and stated his own side of the question thus:—

"One day upon the river-side
I chanced to take a stroll,
And there I found some creature's egg
Within a sandy hole.

"This egg I carried in my bill,
And cherished it with care,
I hatched it underneath my breast,
Till all my breast was bare.

"At last, the young one burst the shell,
No useless cock was he,
Or else he might have wandered forth,
And roamed the jungle free.

"It was a female, and I said,
'I will preserve her life,
When twelve years' old she'll doubtless prove
A most deserving wife.'

"Then came this swan, struck down by rain,
By storm and driving snow,
And begged me for the love of GOD
To mitigate his woe.

"I took him in without a word,
But, lo! when morning came,
He cottoned with my pretty wife,
And vilified my name."

Rájá Bhój, having heard both stories, said to the swan,

"This crow appears to me to be in the right, so hand him over his wife."

The poor swan made no reply, but gave up his wife at once to the crow, and then he went crying and sobbing to a distant place, where he lived in a certain solitary garden.

The triumphant crow, leading out his prize, thought to himself,

"As my new wife is so handsome, no doubt, if I go to my own house, my kinsfolk will come and snatch her away from me. It is better therefore to take her away with me to some distance."

It chanced, however, that the spot which he chose was the very garden in which the male swan was already living, and so it came to pass that all the four birds once more found themselves together.

One day it happened to Rájá Rasálu that in the course of his travels he rode by that way, and that he said to his horse,

"To pass the time let us look for some friend and get him to talk."

Just then he saw a jackal, and making for him, he ran him down, and caught him.

"Sir, why have you caught me?" said the jackal.

"Merely to make you talk," answered Rasálu, "and to pass the time."

Then the jackal seated on Rasálu's saddle-bow began to tickle them with hundreds of lying stories, which amused them excessively.

While thus employed they approached the city of Rájá Bhój, when Rasálu told the jackal to be off.

"But," answered the jackal, "it would be cruel to leave me here, since all the dogs of the town would set on me and kill me. You had better take me with you."

Rasálu consenting, entered the city, and the people seeing him, paid him salutations and said, "Who are you?"

"I am Rasálu, the son of Sulwán," answered he.

Hearing his name, all the inhabitants came and surrounded him, saying—"This day GOD has fulfilled our desires."

Thence Rasálu went to the court of Rájá Bhój, for whom he conceived a strong feeling of friendship,

and dismounting from his horse, he entered, and sat down. Then Rájá Bhój called for *choupat* and invited his visitor to play. Rasálu, who had taken a fancy for his amusing little friend the jackal, caused him to sit close to him whilst he began the game. First Rájá Bhój, on his side, laid a bet of one thousand rupees, and threw the dice, but his cast being spoilt by the jackal falling violently against his arm, Rasálu won. Rájá Bhój became angry with the jackal, but the latter said,

"Pray, sir, pardon my offence. I have been awake the whole night, and, being sleepy, I touched your side quite by an accident."

Once more Rájá Bhój laid and began to play, but his cast of the dice was again balked by the jackal falling as before against his side. Then cried Rájá Bhój—

"Is there any one there? Ho! some one cut this jackal to pieces!"

"I have been awake the whole night," said the jackal, excusing himself again, "forgive me, as I have not committed this fault wilfully."

"What is this talk about your being awake the whole night," enquired Rasálu. "What do you mean by that?"

"I will tell the secret," said the jackal, "to Rájá Bhój only."

"Tell me then, O jackal," said Rájá Bhój, "what it was you were up to the whole night?"

"Sir," replied the jackal, "tormented with hunger I went to the river-side to look for food. But finding none I grew angry, and taking up a stone I threw it against another stone, and from the two stones came out fire."

Having said so much the jackal came to a stop, and Rájá Bhój said, "Well, what else did you do?"

"Sir," said the jackal, "I caught the fire in some dry fuel, out of which a small cinder flew and fell into the river, when at once the whole river was in a blaze. Then I, being afraid of my life on account of you, endeavoured to quench the fire with dry grass, but, though I tried my best, I am sorry to say, two-thirds of the river were burnt up, and one-third only remained."

Hearing this tale, everyone began to laugh, and to say,

"What a fib! Can water catch fire, and can dry grass quench it?"

"Sirs," said the jackal, "if water cannot catch fire, how can a crow possibly claim a female swan as his wife?"

Hearing this, Rájá Rasálu said,

"Jackal, what in the world are you talking about?"

"Sir," answered the jackal, "Rájá Bhój pronounced a judgment in this court yesterday between a crow and a swan, and, without due consideration, he snatched away the swan's wife, and made her over to the crow. This judgment I listened to myself. And now the wretched swan is crying all round the jungle, while the crow is enjoying his triumph without let or fear."

"Can this be true?" asked Rasálu, to which Bhój replied:

"Yes, this fellow tells the truth. I was undoubtedly wrong."

Then Rájá Rasálu sent for those four birds, and when they came he ordered them to sit in a row on the branch of a tree, and to close their eyes. The birds did so, and Rasálu, taking a bow and pellets, shot at the crow, and killed him dead on the spot, saying,

"This is a just reward for fraud and treachery."

At the same time he restored the female swan to her proper mate, who, delighted with the judgment, extolled his wisdom thus:—

"All other kings are geese, but you
The falcon wise and strong;
A judgment just you gave, and true—
O may your life be long!"

CHAPTER VI.

RÁJÁ-RASÁLU AND RÁJÁ BHÓJ.

Rasálu prolongs his visit. His departure. Bhój accompanies him. Their conversation. Their adventure in the garden of Ráni Sobhán. They encamp under some mangoe-trees. Arrival of Rájá Hóm. His verses. Rasálu's wisdom. Parting of the two friends, Rasálu and Bhój.

WHEN Rasálu had spent a brief season of rest at the court of Rájá Bhój, he requested that king's permission to take his leave. But his host, unwilling to part with him, said,

"As you have blessed my palace with your presence, so you will confer on me a still greater favour, if you will abide here a little longer, and make me your disciple."

"In the same spot," answered Rasálu, "my destiny forbids me to tarry long. Nevertheless I will accept your invitation and impart to you whatever I know myself."

So he remained in that city some time longer, dwelling in the house of his friend, and teaching him the art of fighting and wrestling.

At last Rasálu set out once more on his travels, and many of the inhabitants out of love and admiration for him saw him out of their borders; but Rájá Bhój and his wazír, together with some few attendants, accompanied him several days' marches.

As they journeyed pleasantly along, Rájá Bhój said to Rasálu,

"Pray, tell me, what in your opinion are the five most cursed things in the world."

Then Rasálu answered him,—

"A thriftless wife who ruins house and home;
A daughter grown whose head is bare and bald;
A daughter-in-law of sour forbidding face;
A crooked axle to the garden well;
A field that lies across the village road;
A man may search the world where'er he please,
And never find more cursed things than these."

Hearing this answer, Rájá Bhój was pleased exceedingly, and praised Rasálu's wisdom. And so the two kings, engaged in pleasant converse, continued their way.

At last they arrived one morning at a delightful garden which belonged to the Ráni Sobhán, and, entering therein, the whole company dismounted, and, laying aside their arms, they reclined along the margin of a natural fountain of cool delicious water.

Scarcely had they taken their places, when they saw approaching them, from the midst of the shrubs and trees, one hundred beautiful damsels, all armed with drawn swords. Rasálu with a smile then said to Bhój,

"These fair ladies appear to be very formidable. Let us amuse ourselves a little at their expense."

Having thus spoken, he looked at the girls and said,

"O ladies, why have you come out against us with drawn swords in your hands?"

"Whosoever," answered they, "trespasses within the bounds of this garden and comes hither to take water out of the fountain forfeits his ears and his hands, and is then expelled with ignominy."

"Alas," said Rasálu, "what dire mishap has brought us here!"

Putting on sterner looks the girls then said,

"Have any of you touched the water of the fountain? If you have, confess it, in order that we may cut off your hands and your ears, for such is the order we have received from the queen, our mistress, who has bidden us cut off the hands and ears of all who dare to drink from her fountain."

"O Fair Ones," replied Rasálu, "we have not yet presumed to drink. But, as we are merely poor wayfarers, do not hinder us. Suffer us to drink, and then let us depart in peace."

"Who are you?" enquired the damsels.

"As for me," said the king, "men call me Rasálu."

Hearing his name all the girls fluttered together, and began to whisper among themselves,

"If he be the real Rasálu, he will catch us and kill us. We had better let him go, and seize only the others."

But Rasálu divined their thoughts, and so he said,

"If you let me go, O beauteous Ones, will you not also release the others, seeing we are all wayfarers together?"

Then said one of the maidens:—

"Wayfarers number three, they say—
The brook, the moon, the shining day;
Of all these three,
Pray tell to me,
Who is your father, and who is your mother?"

"It is true we are wayfarers," replied Rasálu, "but we are not so much wayfarers as world-travellers."

"Indeed," said the same lady, "but—

"Trav'llers o' the world are also three,
A sheep, a woman, a bullock they be;
With quibbling words no longer play,
But tell me your name without delay."

"It is evident," said Rasálu, "that we poor fellows, whether wayfarers or world-travellers, shall have fain to implore your clemency."

"We have power of course," observed the ladies, relenting, "to let you off. But what answer shall we make to our mistress?"

"Go to your hard-hearted mistress," answered Rasálu, "and tell her this :—

"Beside your spring three men reclined,
Your father's family priests were they ;
They saw our swords, and, vexed in mind,
They rose at once and walked away ;
God knows their route—we greatly fear.
They've gone to Kábul or Káshmír.

Accordingly, these simple damsels left Rasálu and his friends, and going to the palace they reported to the Ráni Sobhán all that had been told them.

"Alas," said the queen beginning to grieve, "it is twelve long years since our family priests were here before! And now, when they had journeyed so great a distance to visit me, my foolishness has driven them away. Who knows whether they will ever return again to me or not?"

So speaking, the queen began to sob, and rising from her seat she prepared to descend into the garden with her train of belted maidens.

Meanwhile, however, Rasálu and his companions, having rested sufficiently, had reallyleft the fountain, and gone on their way. Towards evening they halt-

ed at a pleasant spot in the open wilderness, where there were some beautiful well-laden mangoe-trees, and a fair babbling brook. Here they determined to tarry for the night, and having dismounted they sat down under the cool shady boughs.

Just then a deer appeared in the distance, and Rasálu drawing his bow brought it down, after which, a fire having been kindled, the game was dressed and served, and every one with glad contented mind partook of the feast.

Now it happened that about the same time Rájá Hóm of Delhi had been routed in a great battle by another Rájá, and that abandoning his capital he had fled away with only a few of his attendants. Coming to the mangoe-trees under which Rasálu and his friends were sleeping the fugitives there pitched their tents, and, having eaten a frugal supper they all retired to rest. The night was very lovely, and Rájá Hóm's queen was lying asleep in her litter next to her husband's tent, while the Rájá sat by her side. As he was unwilling or unable to sleep himself, he began to gaze with a certain tender melancholy, now at the slumbering lady, and now at the shining moon. When some time had thus elapsed, he called up his wazír, and said to him,

"I have just made some verses."

"Pray, Sir, tell them to me," said the wazír.

Then Rájá Hóm repeated the following lines:—

"No water's like the Ganges, river dear;
No light is like the moon, serenely clear;
No sleep is like the sleep that fondly lies,
So calm and still, upon a woman's eyes;
Of every fruit that hangs upon the tree,
The luscious mangoe is the fruit for me."

"Bravo!" cried the wazír, applauding vehemently. "Excellently good, Sir, and right nobly expressed!"

Suddenly the silence was broken by the deep voice of Rájá Rasálu, who, with his friend Bhój had not been so soundly asleep, but that he had overheard every word of this pretty interlude, and who now mischievously interrupted the conversation with hese sarcastic words:—

'In lonely woods I walk, Rájá,
I walk, a poor recluse;
However wise your talk, Rájá,
Your friend's a learned goose."

"Who is that?" cried Rájá Hóm with sudden anger. "What means this intrusion on our privacy? Ho, catch the fellow, and bring him here!"

One of the attendants approached Rasálu, and said with some insolence,

"Get up, Sir; how dare you interfere with our Rájá's talk?"

"If you value your life," answered Rasálu, "return to your master at once."

"Why?" said the man, "Who are you, and whence come you?"

"I am Rasálu, the son of Sulwán," replied he, "and my home is the blessed Siálkót. If you are not a stranger to courtesy and to the customs of kings, and if you will request me civilly to visit your Rájá, I may possibly go to him. But I never yield to compulsion."

The servant was astonished, and, returning to his master, he reported to him all his adventure.

"Go to him again," said Rájá Hóm, "and entreat him courteously to come to me. I wish to speak with him."

Then went the attendant back to Rasálu, and delivered his message, saying,

"Sir, Rájá Hóm of Delhi sends you his compliments, and would speak to you."

So Rasálu arose, and, approaching the tent, he saluted the king of Delhi with grave politeness.

"Are you really Rasálu?" enquired the latter. "Why did not my verses commend themselves to you?"

"However well expressed," answered Rasálu, "the sentiment was scarcely true. So I ventured to interrupt you."

"I may of course be wrong," said Hóm; "but if so, doubtless you will correct me."

"Willingly," replied Rasálu; "the idea in my judgment should be rather this:—

"No water like the limpid stream
That ripples idly by;
No light so glorious as the beam
That sparkles from the eye;
Of all the sleep that mortals know,
The sleep of health's the best;
Of all the fruit the gods bestow,
A son exceeds the rest."

"How is that?" said Raja Hóm. "Let me hear your explanation."

"When you were born into the world," answered Rasálu, "who gave you Ganges water then? And when, a thirsty fugitive, you fled away before your foes, what good was Ganges water to you then? If you had not eyes you might look for the moonlight in vain; if health forsook you sleep would forsake you too; and, if you were to die fruitless, you would die a barren stock, with never a son to succeed or to perpetuate you."

Having heard this answer, Rájá Hóm admiring Rasálu's wisdom praised him greatly, and said to him,

"Sir, you are undoubtedly right, and I was wrong."

The next morning Rájá Rasálu embraced his friend Rájá Bhój, and bade him adieu, after which he continued his journey alone, ever seeking for fresh adventures.

CHAPTER VII.

RÁJÁ RASÁLU AND THE GIANTS OF GANDGARH.

Rasálu's vision. He sets out on the adventure. The dispeopled city, and the old woman. The woman's distress. The giants' tribute. Rasálu and the woman's son. Rasálu and Thirrá. Flight of Thirrá and Bhiún. His encounter with the other giants. His adventure with the giantess. Fate of the chief, Báikalbath, and of Bhiún and Thirrá. Thirrá's lament. His imprisonment under Mount Gandgarh. The bellowing of Gandgarh. Rasálu's arrows.

RÁJÁ RASÁLU was once out hunting in the forest when overcome with fatigue he lay down under a tree and went to sleep. In his sleep he had a vision, in which he saw approaching him five holy men who addressed him, saying,

"Get up, Rájá, and root out the race of the giants."

Disturbed in mind, he arose and instantly set off on the expedition, having determined without delay to achieve the exploit. Many a league rode the hardy king on his renowned war-horse

Bhaunrá-Iráki, now over hills, now over moors, and now through gloomy forests, intent on his arduous quest. One day, in the depths of a lonely wood, he reached a large city which was as silent as the grave. He entered the streets, but they were deserted; he gazed in at the open shops, but they were all tenantless. Amazed at the solitude, he stood in an open space and surveyed the scene. Just then he caught sight of some smoke issuing from a distant corner, and making his way to it, he saw there a miserable old woman kneading and baking quantities of bread and preparing abundance of sweetmeats, but all the time she was either weeping or laughing. Surprised at a spectacle so extraordinary, Rasálu halted and said,

"Mother, in this solitary place, who is to eat all that food, and why are you both weeping and laughing?"

"You are a stranger;" answered the woman, "it is better for you to pursue your way, and not to question me."

"Nay," said Rasálu, "I cannot bear to see you in such trouble, and I would know the cause of it."

"The king of this place," said the woman, "is Káshudeo, and he has ordered that a human being, a buffalo, and four hundred pounds of bread, shall be sent daily to a certain place for the giants. Once I

had seven sons, of whom six have been devoured, and to-day it is the turn of the seventh, and to-morrow it will be the turn of myself. This is my trouble and it makes me cry. But I am laughing because to-day my seventh son was to have been married, and because his bride will have to do without him."

With these words the woman fell to crying more bitterly than ever.

"Weep not," said Rájá Rasálu—

> "Good wife, your tears no longer shed,
> If God will keep the youngster's head,
> I swear my own shall fall instead."

But the old woman had not so learnt her lessons of life, and replying through her tears, "Alas! what man was ever known to give his head for another?" she went on with her dismal task. But Rasálu said,

"I have come here for no other reason than to extirpate the kingdom of the giants."

"Who are you then?" enquired the woman, "What is your father's name, and where is your birthplace?"

"The blessed Siálkót is my birthplace," replied he, "I am the son of Sulwán, and my name is Rasálu."

Then the woman began considering, and she thought to herself, "Whether he be the real Rasálu I know not; yet he may be, because it is written, 'One Rasálu shall be born and he will destroy the kingdom of the giants.'"

Then Rasálu gazing round enquired, "Why is there no one in the city?—

"Here temple domes and palace towers,
Bazárs and lowly shops abound,
But, silent as the passing hours,
Idly they lift themselves around;
What luckless hap hath chanced the world, that all
Deserted are the doors of house and mart and hall?"

"Let not this surprise you," answered the woman, "the people have all been eaten up by the giants."

Rasálu now dismounted from his horse and having tied him under shelter he stretched himself on a small low bedstead and at once fell into a deep slumber. Meanwhile, the young lad arrived with the buffalo which was laden with the bread and the sweetmeats, and when all was ready he drove it before him through the empty streets and went out into the forest. After a time the old woman came close to the sleeping king and began to cry piteously, so that the king started up from his sleep and enquired the reason of her distress. She answered him,

"Thou rider of the dark-grey mare,
Rasálu, bearded, turbaned stranger,
O for some saviour to repair,
A champion, to the field of danger!
I weep because those tyrants come to-day,
To lead my one surviving son away."

Then Rasálu arose, and with a word of comfort to the mother he mounted and rode off in pursuit of her son. Having overtaken him, he said,

"How shall we know when the giants are coming?"

"First," answered the boy, "there will be a strong wind with rain, and when that is over the giants will come."

Continuing their journey they arrived at the banks of a river where the boy halted, while Rasálu descended to the stream to bathe. In his absence one of the giants named Thirrá came down to fetch some water. So huge of body and mighty of limb was he that his water-skin was composed of the hides of twenty-seven buffaloes, all sewn together so as to form one vast receptacle, and he carried a bucket made up of the hides of seven buffaloes. When he filled his water-skin, the river absolutely groaned, so that Rasálu, hearing, gazed at it in wonder.

Thirrá seeing the lad and the buffalo and the full load of bread grinned with greedy delight, saying,

"Glad am I to see all these good things."

Then seizing some of the loaves, he shuffled into a thicket and began to munch. By and by Rasálu returned, and the boy said to him,

"One of the giants has already come and has taken away his toll of the loaves, and others will soon come and eat me together with the buffalo. What is the use of your advancing further?"

"Who is he that has taken away the loaves?" asked Rasálu.

"He is the water-carrier," answered the lad. "His name is Thirrá, and he generally comes first, and takes his bread beforehand as a tax, which is allowed him."

"Where is he?" asked Rasalu.

"There he is," said the boy, "in the thicket, eating the loaves."

Rasálu, sword in hand, rode into the thicket, and going up to the giant he smote him and cut off his right hand, and recovered the loaves.

Then, with a howl which was so loud and furious that it roused his companions the other giants from their sleep or from their labours and brought them out from their dens in the mountain, the giant cried, as he gazed at the hero's enormous quiver and his threatening aspect,

"What man, what demon, are you?"

"I am Rasálu," answered the king.

And when he heard the name, the disabled monster fled away, and reaching his home, he spoke to his five brothers, saying,

"Run, brothers, run—

> "Here comes Rasálu the champion brave,
> Let us haste and hide in the mountain-cave;
> Whether prophet of God, or Beelzebub,
> Upon his shoulders he carries a club."

With these words and with many others of like import he continued his career at his utmost speed, and went and hid himself in the Cave of Gandgarh.

A second giant named Bhiún hearing the dismal tidings, and knowing, as did they all, that in their sacred books the advent of Rasálu had been foretold, rushed off to Kheri-mūrti, where he entered a forest, and having dug therein a deep pit, he got into it, and crouching down, there remained in fear and dread.

But the other giants, namely, Tūndiá, Mūndiá, and Ákaldás of the one eye, remained with their chief Báikalbhath to engage in combat with Rájá Rasálu. And to each other they were confidently saying, as they awaited the hero's arrival,

"How will Rasálu manage to save himself from Báikalbhath?"

Meanwhile Rasálu approached them, and when they saw him with the boy, the buffalo, and the loaves, they rejoiced greatly to think how rich and abundant their feast would be. But Rasálu cried,

"Take care of yourselves, I am here to destroy you!"

"Who are you?" demanded they. "What is your name, what is your father's name, and where is your birthplace?"—

"What Rájá's son are you,
And say what name you bear;
Where lies your fatherland,
What city owns you there?"

And to them Rasálu made answer,—

"Blessed Siálkót is my birthplace, Sulwán is my father, and my name is Rasálu—

"Rájá Sulwán's son am I,
Rasálu is my name;
Siálkót is my fatherland,
My city is the same."

"One snort of mine," cried Báikalbhath, "will sweep you away."

At once the monster laid his forefinger on his right nostril and blew with his left. Instantly there passed over the land a sudden and a thick darkness, the atmosphere was filled with lurid dust, and by means of magic and enchantment, the winds and the clouds rushed up from afar. Then beat the rain for forty days and forty nights, and the hailstones smote, the thunders roared, and the lightnings flashed, and the very earth was shaken.

"Now keep your feet, good steed," cried Rájá Rasálu; and to the lad he said, "Here, boy, grip well my stirrup and fear them not."

And while the wind swept by with the force of a hurricane, so that the trees were uprooted, the king sat firm and undaunted in the midst of the tempest, and never flinched or cowered a jot.

When the storm had driven by, and the darkness had sped, Báikalbhath boastfully cried,

"Now see if Rasálu is there!"

And as the light dawned they saw him in the same spot. Then Báikalbhath, bursting with rage, snorted with both his nostrils, and it continued raining and hailing with two-fold violence, and the storm raged furiously for eighty days and eighty nights, so that no stone, or tree, or animal, or bird, was left within a radius of a hundred miles. And when this was over Báikalbhath cried once more,

"Now see if Rasálu is there!"

And they looked, and still they saw the hero standing in the same position calm and unmoved as the Angel of Death. Then fear and consternation filled their hearts, and they were in a mind to flee, when one of them said,

"But if you are indeed Rasálu you will pierce with your arrow seven iron griddles, for so it is written in our sacred books."

"Bring them forth," said Rasálu.

And the giants brought out the seven griddles, each of which weighed thirty-five tons, and, setting them up in a row one behind another, they challenged Rasálu to pierce them. Drawing his bow, Rasálu launched one of his shafts of iron weighing a hundred pounds, and drove it at the seven griddles, so that it pierced them through and through, and fixed itself immoveably in the earth beyond.

"You have missed!" cried all the giants in a breath.

"I never missed in my life," returned Rasálu. "Go, look at the griddles and see."

They went to the spot, and saw the griddles really pierced, and the arrow stuck in the ground beyond.

Then said Rasálu, "Pull out the arrow!"

They all pulled and tugged, but not one of them could stir it, and Rasálu drew it forth himsélf.

"Of a truth this man is a giant," said one, "let us try him with some iron gram. If he will eat it, we shall know that he comes of the blood of the demons."

Then the giants brought ten pounds of iron gram, and gave it into his hands; but Rasálu, deftly changing it for the gram which he had in his horse's nose-bag, began to eat before them, and when he had finished it, he cried,

"Now look out for yourselves!"

Then chanting a spell he turned Báikalbhath into stone, and set off in pursuit of the rest. Drawing his bow he struck first at Tūndiá who went flying with the arrow to Maksūdábágh, where he fell and died. Then with another arrow he smote Mūndiá and Ákaldōs who, with the arrow, went flying abroad to Álikhán, where they also fell down, and there they died.*

* These giants still stand where they fell—immense monolithic pillars of granite.

Having accomplished so much of his labour, Rasálu ascended Gandgarh, and entering the fortress of the giants he began to look about him, when his glance lighted on Gandgarri, the female giant, clothed in a rich dress, and sitting before a huge fire on which simmered a capacious caldron of boiling oil, for she was waiting anxiously for the return of her brothers, who were to bring home a man, so that she might boil him and eat him. As soon as she saw Rájá Rasálu, she leered at him and exclaimed—

"Ah, friend, I am charmed to see you. For a long time have I been waiting for you, because I have wished so much to marry you. But, first of all, if you would do one thing, it would be better."

"What is it?" asked Rasálu.

"It is merely," answered she, "that you will walk round this caldron three times, after which I will marry you, for that is the custom of our religion."

"I know not how to do this thing," said Rasálu, "you will first have to teach me."

Then the giantess arose, and began to caper and frisk it round the smoking caldron, but, when she had compassed it twice, Rasálu heaved her up as she passed by him, and tossed her over into the boiling oil. There she was reduced to ashes, and, when her skull split with the heat of the fire, so great was the

shock thereof, that it brought on an earthquake which lasted for three hours.

After this, Rasálu went forth, and found the lad clinging to the stump of a tree, trembling and quivering in every limb, not knowing, so great was his fear, what had occurred.

"Why are you afraid?" said Rasálu.

"Because," answered he, "the giants will come just now and eăt me."

Said the king, "They have all been killed, or next to it. Did you not feel the earthquake?"

"Yes," replied the lad.

"That," said Rasálu, "was caused by the bursting of Gandgarri's head."

Right pleased was the youth to hear the good news, and forthwith he came to his senses.

Then said Rasálu, "Throw off those loaves, load your buffalo with spoil from the fort, and get away home to your mother."

"There is abundance of treasure in the deserted city," answered the lad. "I do not wish for anything from the fort."

So he went back to his mother, and arrived at his home in safety.

Then Rasálu chanted another spell over Báikalbhath and restored him to life, when the giant, seeing his enemy so close to him, tore up a prostrate tree, and

advanced to kill him; but Rasálu's horse made a leap of fifty yards, and his master was saved. Then the giant went flying to the top of the mountain, and, lifting up an enormous rock, he hurled it at Rasálu, who received it on his shield and sustained no harm.

"Never," said Rasálu to his horse, "shall I be able to slay Báikalbhath, if you do not bear me at a bound to the mountain-top."

At once the horse drew himself together, and leaping into the air, he carried his master to his adversary's side, when Rasálu smote hard and fiercely, so that the giant's leg was cut off, and he fell and died. So perished Báikalbhath, the king of the giants.*

Never flagging in his labour, Rasálu now set out for Kheri-múrti to hunt up the giant Bhiún. There he discovered that he was hidden in a hole in the forest, and he cried, saying,

"Are you there Bhiún?"

"Yes," answered he.

"Why have you hidden yourself?" enquired Rasálu.

"Because I was afraid of you," said Bhiún.

Entering the forest, Rasálu challenged him, and having gathered together vast heaps of dry boughs, and having thrown them into the pit, he piled them

* The footprints of Bhaunrá-Iráki in the limestone rocks are still pointed out by the villagers.

up, and set fire to them, and thus the giant Bhiún was miserably burnt to powder.

Thence Rasálu proceeded to search for Thirrá, but he was unable to track him. So he sent forth Shádi, his parrot, who flew over the hills, and found him hidden in the Cave of Gandgarh. Then, flying back to his master, he said, "The giant is hidden in the cave of the mountain."

Going to the place, Rasálu saw Thirrá crouching in the gloom of Gandgarri-ki-ghár, and he cried, "Are you inside, Thirrá?"

"Yes," answered he.

"Why are you here?" asked Rasálu.

"Because, sir," said Thirrá, "you cut off my hand, and I was afraid of you, and I have come in hither to hide."

Then, as he heard the approaching footsteps of the terrible king, he ran further in, and, lifting up his voice in a lament to God, he cried aloud and said :—

"Strange is Thy nature always, God most dread,
To Thee the poor and needy cry for bread ;
Thou givest life where life lived not before,
And those who live Thou biddest live no more.
My bark is drifting o'er the stormy deep,
While all her crew are wrapt in deadly sleep ;
Azrael, the Angel, graspeth th' guiding oar,
And, through the waves that hoarsely round her roar,
His shuddering freight he hurrieth to the shore.
O how can I foreknow what words of doom
Against my soul proclaim beyond the shadowy tomb !"

As he spoke thus, Rasálu approached nearer and nearer in the deepening twilight, but finding him not, he cried,

"Thirrá, come forth!"

"No, no, no!" roared the giant as he rushed further and further into the depths of the mountain, while the echoes of his voice, reverberating through the vast chambers, resounded far and wide. But the darkness then became so black and so confusing, that Rasálu searched for him in vain. Therefore, at last, he gave up the hopeless task and came out. But having engraved a likeness of his stern features on the surface of the rock just within the cave, he rolled a great stone to the mouth of it, and fixed thereto his bow and arrow. At full stretch, with the arrow fitted to the string, hangs the bow, and from the arrow depends a tuft of the hero's hair. Then, having closed up the entrance he cried out to the imprisoned giant,

"Thirrá, remember if you dare to stir forth you will be killed on the spot!"

Thus he shut the monster in and there he remains to this day. Sometimes, even now, he endeavours to escape, but when in the sombre twilight he catches sight of the awful lineaments of King Rasálu's pictured face, and sees the threatening arrow, and the nodding tuft of hair, he rushes back dismayed and

baffled, and his bellowing fills the villages round with dread.*

So ended Rájá Rasálu's battle with the famous giants of Gandgarh, and if you ask the peasants for proofs of the story, they will show you scattered about the country Rasálu's invincible arrows which still stand where they severally lighted.†

* Gandgarh is subject to frequent earthquakes. Even when there is no perceptible quaking, the internal roaring of the earth can be heard, and this probably is the noise which seems to proceed from the hill and which is ascribed to the imprisoned Thirrá. The villagers however assert that the bellowing of the giant is quite a distinct sound from the roar of an earthquake; and that, as this peculiar bellowing has not been heard for eight years, the giant Thirrá must have at last expired.

† "Rasálu's arrows" often seen by the writer are granite megaliths like those at Maksúdábágh and Álikhán. Most of them stand eight or ten feet out of the ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

RASÁLU'S ADVENTURE WITH TILLIÁR, THE SNAKE, AND KÁG, THE RAVEN.

Rasálu saves a hedgehog from drowning. He takes it with him. He arrives at a deserted palace. The four watches. The hedgehog falls into the pool. The king's life is imperilled. The hedgehog's contest with the raven and the snake. His double victory. Rásálu awakes. His gratitude. The hedgehog's advice. The friends part.

RÁJÁ RASÁLU once came to the bank of a river, where he saw a hedgehog being carried away by the current. Addressing the king, the little creature implored him to save him from death, saying,

> "O rider of the dark-grey mare,
> Rasálu bearded, turbaned stranger,
> A drowning hedgehog craves your care,
> For God's sake save his life from danger."

"You are a hedgehog," answered Rasálu, "and I am a man. What connection there is between you

and me I know not. But as you have abjured me by the name of God, I will take you out of the river."

As he spoke these words he lowered down one end of his bow to the water, and by that means saved the hedgehog from his peril. Then landing him safely on the bank, he bade him go whithersoever he pleased. To be left alone, however, was far from the grateful hedgehog's desire. "It is not good," said he, "that you should now abandon me in this place. To-morrow another flood will come, and it will carry me away. If you will take me with you, it may chance that I shall be able to do you a service in return for all your kindness to me."

"I do not think your assistance will be needed," answered Rasálu.

But the hedgehog pleaded hard for the favour. "I beg," said he, "that as you have now saved my life, so you will not refuse my request."

"But where in the world," said the king, "shall I put you?"

"Put me," returned the hedgehog, "into your horse's nose-bag."

Rasálu then took up the little beast, and laying him in the feeding-bag, he continued his wanderings.

As he was riding along, he observed a spacious mansion, beautifully built and surrounded on all sides with gardens, but it was entirely deserted. There

Rasálu dismounted, and sat down under a baherá tree, close to a running fountain of pellucid water. At that moment the parrot began to say something, when the hedgehog exclaimed from the nose-bag, "Take me out, take me out!"

The king lifted him out, and then, addressing his parrot, he said, "Tell me, O Shádi, what you were going to say."

"Sir," answered the parrot, "it seems to me that this house belongs to some demons or giants, because I can see the carcasses of dead men lying all about close to the walls. It is better that we should leave this place, and go pass the night elsewhere."

"I have no wish to do that," answered Rasálu, "and in brief I intend to remain here. But tell me, what monster is that which has killed all these men?"

"Sir," replied the parrot, "what do I know about them? Ask the hedgehog, since he has the look of one who belongs to these parts."

Then said the king to the hedgehog, "O Friend, what monster is it which has destroyed all these animals and all these men?"

"Sire," answered the hedgehog, folding his hands, "in this place live Tilliár the great flying serpent, and his friend Kág the sea-raven. They are confederate in villainy, and, having come here, they trouble and

molest wretched wayfarers, and whosoever ventures this way, whether he be hunter, or prince, or king, they never permit him to pass the place alive."

"What do they do?" enquired Rasálu.

Kneeling down before the king as if at his prayers, the hedgehog meekly replied, "Sire, travellers who come to this fountain, being overcome with fatigue, lie down here and rest. Then this Tilliár, the serpent, in the middle of the night, steals out upon them and sucks away their breath as they lie asleep, after which he goes away, and informs his friend the sea-raven, who comes in his turn and pecks out their eyes from the sockets."

"Is it true?" said Rasálu.

"Yes, it is quite true," answered the hedgehog.

Then said the king, "I cannot now strike my tent, because I have already said that here I will certainly remain. But you shall all act as I bid you."

"We await you orders," said the hedgehog.

"God is master over all," said Rasálu. "He has power to kill and He has power to save. But one thing, in good sooth, you people should not omit to do. Altogether we number four persons. Let us therefore wake and sleep by turns, and thus let us pass the four watches of the night in safety."

Having so ordained, Rasálu again spoke and said, "The first watch of the night shall be taken

by me, the second by Bhaunrá-Iráki my horse, the third by Shádi my parrot, and the fourth by the hedgehog."

Thus saying, Rasálu ordered every one to sleep, and began his watch. When his turn was up, he roused his horse, and himself lay down to rest. When the horse's watch was over, he woke the parrot, and went to his bed. When the parrot's watch was over he woke the hedgehog, and retired himself to sleep. The hedgehog got up, and began to walk to and fro, intent upon his duty. But the cold was so bitter that he found it intolerable, and so he went near to the fire to warm himself. There, however, the warmth made him sleepy, and he began to doze. Then thought he to himself,

"I must not sleep, O no, I must not sleep, lest by evil chance that wretched snake should come and kill my master. I had better go and sit by the pool of the fountain."

So to the fountain he went, but unhappily the darkness was so dense that he could not distinguish the bank, and down he slipped into the water, nor was he able to get out again, though he struggled hard and tried his utmost.

While the hedgehog was thus endeavouring to regain the bank, the serpent, having watched his opportunity glided softly to the side of Rájá Rasálu,

and drew away his breath. He then stole back, and told his friend Kág, saying,

"I have done my duty. Now go you and perform yours."

These dreadful words were over-heard by the hedgehog, who in an agony exclaimed, "O God, what has happened? All this trouble has been caused by my foolishness."

Then exerting himself once more he sprang out of the water with all his might and main, and this time fortune favoured him. Clambering up the bank, he ran swiftly from that spot and approached the side of the king, where he began to watch in the greatest silence, even stopping his very breath. In a few minutes the raven hopped up, and perched himself on Raja Rasálu's breast. Just as he was about to strike his powerful beak into the king's eyes, the hedgehog having quietly risen, caught him by the leg, and began to crunch it into pieces with his sharp little teeth. Then jumping nimbly from his leg he seized on his neck, and began to crunch that too. The raven finding himself clutched, uttered piercing notes of distress, and cried out most lamentably. At last his friend Tilliár heard him, and drew near to observe.

"Who is that," said he, molesting my brother Kág?"

The hedgehog made no reply.

"Who is that unlucky wretch who is giving my friend so much trouble?" said the snake again.

Still the hedgehog maintained a dogged silence.

"Say, O miserable fool," cried the angry snake for the third time, "why are you tormenting my dear friend?"

Then answered the small voice, "I am a hedgehog, and it is I who am tormenting your friend—I, the hedgehog."

The moment the snake heard the name of his most dreaded enemy, he lapsed into silence, and coiled himself together in shuddering fear.

"O snake," said the hedgehog with mocking tones, "why are you so very taciturn now? Say what you have to say."

"Let my friend go immediately," answered the snake.

"You had better come and render back my master's breath immediately," said the hedgehog, "and then perchance I may loose your friend."

"Give me your word," said the snake; "and if after that you will agree to let my friend go, I will restore your friend his breath."

A bargain was accordingly made and settled between them. But the cunning snake, anxious to over-reach, was minded to deal with subtilty. "I cannot bear," said he, "to listen to my friend's pitiful

cries. Therefore first let him go, and then I will come and restore to your friend his breath."

The hedgehog, perceiving his craft, answered, "I cannot permit this raven to escape out of my power, but I will take care that he shall not be tormented any more."

"Very well," replied the snake.

The hedgehog then snapped off the raven's head, and laying him on one side he cried with a loud voice,

"Now call your friend, and see if he will give you an answer."

The snake called to Kág, his friend again and again, but not a word was spoken or a sound uttered in reply.

"Ah," said the hedgehog, "your friend was in great distress, but the moment I let him go he was overtaken by a sound delicious sleep. Do not therefore torment him any more."

The snake listened and listened, but as the cries were not repeated, he thought to himself, "He has certainly let my friend go." He therefore approached the pulseless body of Rájá Rasálu, and restored to the king the breath of life.

As he was returning home to his den, the hedgehog, who had crept away into the darkness to waylay him, suddenly sprang out from his ambush, and seized him by the head, which he began to crunch as he had crunched the raven's neck

"O unworthy one," cried his wretched victim, "do not break your vow!"

"I am a wild beast," retorted the hedgehog. "What have I to do with faith or with vows? My duty is to slay my enemy."

Then said the snake:—

> "In former ages, write the sages,
> Snakes and hedgehogs were akin;
> Then cease your strife and spare my life,
> So God's approval you will win."

But the hedgehog answered:—

> "In former ages, write the sages,
> Snakes and hedgehogs burned in hate;
> O foolish one, your work is done,
> Your own's the axe that cuts your fate!"

With these words the hedgehog crushed his enemy into pieces, and when he had laid his body close to the pillow of Rájá Rasálu, he curled himself up and fell asleep.

That day Rasálu slept long and soundly, and he was late in rising. When he awoke he began to scold and abuse every one about him, saying, "Why did you not call me earlier?"

"Sire," said the hedgehog in his humble accents, "look about you; what see you close to your bed?"

"I see," said Rasálu, gazing towards his resting-place, "I see a dead raven and a dead snake crushed to pieces."

Then understood he all the importance of the service which had been rendered to him, and he was glad and said to the hedgehog:

"O hedgehog, this favour which you have done to me is past recompense, since you have saved my life! But you will be rewarded of God."

The parrot and the horse also commended him highly, saying, "O friend, you have saved our master's life. May God preserve you in happiness!"

"Sire," said the hedgehog to Rasálu, "I have merely returned the favour which you did to me. And now, if you will allow me, I will go my way."

Very reluctantly Rájá Rasálu consented to part with him, but at last, leaving him at that very spot, he mounted and rode off. Hardly had he turned his back when the hedgehog looked after him and said, "Where are you going to now?"

"I am going," answered the king, "to see Rájá Sirikap."

"O Sire," said the hedgehog, "be warned by me! "Go not to Rájá Sirikap, for he is a magician, and he will surely bring you into trouble."

"Nevertheless, to Rájá Sirikap I shall go," replied Rasálu.

"If you are really determined to go," said the hedgehog, "take advice and act as I bid you. Lying on the road half-way to Sirikap's capital you

will find the body of Rájá Sirisúk, his brother. Go to him, speak to him, and follow his directions."

Then the king left that place, and rode away to look for the body of Sirisúk, the brother of Sirikap the Beheader, while the hedgehog returned in peace to his own country.

CHAPTER IX.

RÁJÁ-RASÁLU AND RÁJÁ SIRIḲAP.

Rasálu and Sirisūk. Sirisūk wakes and speaks. His warnings and his counsel. Rasálu continues his journey. The weaver and his cat. The two village-boys. The old soldier and the goat. Rasálu's arrival at Sirikót. Sirikap's magic storms. Rasálu and the castle-gong. Rasálu and Princess Jhudhál. Meeting of the Kings. Their enigmas. Their play. Rasálu's losses. Rasálu's cat and Sirikap's rats. Sirikap's final defeat. His flight and re-capture The birth of the Princess Koklán. The magicians. The end of Sirikap. Rasálu's departure with Koklán.

HAVING departed thence, Rájá Rasálú journeyed on towards Sirikót, the Fort of Skulls. At the close of the day he halted, and having pitched his tent and eaten his supper, he walked forth to look for the body of Sirisūk, the brother of Rájá Sirikap, who, as his name implies, was surnamed

'The Beheader.' He found the corpse lying stiff and cold on the ground, and turning to his parrot, he said,—

"This man is dead. Who now will advise us about Rájá Sirikap?"

"Offer up your prayers to God," answered the parrot, "and I think the body will sit up, because it is not really dead, but it lies here under the spell of Sirikap's magic."

Then Rasálu, when he had first washed his face, his hands, and his feet, stood and prayed in these words:—

"God, within the forest lonely
Night hath fallen o'er the dead;
Grant him life a moment only,
Light within his eyelids shed;
Then this corpse that lieth pronely,
Four words to speak will lift his head."

The king's prayer was heard and God granted Sirisūk his life, for at once the dead man awoke and raising himself he began to speak. "Who has disturbed me?" said he.

"Here you have been lying asleep for twelve years," answered Rasálu, "What kind of sleep is this?"

"Who are you?" asked Sirisūk.

"I am Rasálu," answered the king.

"Are you the real Rasálu or another?" said Sirisūk. "Where are you going?"

"I journey towards the castle of your elder brother Sirikap, to wage battle with him," said Rasálu.

Then Sirisūk began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" enquired Rasálu.

"I am his own brother," replied Sirisūk, "and yet he killed me without pity. Do you think he will spare you? Besides, you have not even an army, while his army is numerous. How do you intend to cope with him?"

"Assisted by your advice," answered Rasálu, "I trust I shall be fully able to fight and to subdue him."

Then said Sirisūk,—"When you begin to draw near the city, he will raise his magical storm and blow you away to some other country. And if you evade that, he will bury you under a storm of magical snow. And if you escape that, then, when you strike the gong which hangs before the castle-gate, and when the noise of the gong shall sound in your ears, you will lose your senses, and becoming crazed you will be driven out of the place. And if peradventure you avoid that peril, then, when you pass under the swing of his daughter Jhudhál who swings in the porch of the palace, which is fifty yards high, you will begin to rage with frenzy and you will become the sport of the inmates, because the effect of that swing is that whosoever passes beneath it goes raving mad. And if by good fortune and the favour of God

you overcome that danger, Rájá Sirikap will then play *choupat* with you, and his wife and daughters will sit before you to divert your eyes, and in the meantime you will lose the game, and Sirikap will win it, after which he will cut off your head. But if he cannot prevail over you in that way, he will call forth his rats, Harbans and Harbansi, who are kept for that very purpose, and who will come and take away the wick out of the lamp, and there will be confusion, and Sirikap will make you the loser and himself the winner, after which he will take your head from off your shoulders. It is better for you to turn back, and not to go to Rájá Sirikap."

"I will certainly go to him," answered Rasálu.

"If you insist upon going," said Sirisūk, "you must endeavour to avoid all the perils of which I have warned you. Therefore do you now take out of me two of my ribs. On your way you will meet a cat which you must carry with you, and which you must feed from time to time with my ribs. Then, when you are playing *choupat*, and when the Rájá cries out 'Harbans!' let loose your cat, so the cat will kill the rat and the game will be yours."

Saying these words, Sirisūk drew out of his side two of his ribs, and gave them to Rájá Rasálu, who took them and kept them carefully by him as he journeyed.

Having started afresh, he came to a village where a cat was busy assisting an old weaver in his work.

"O weaver," said Rasálu, "have you no son, nor any servant, that this wretched cat is helping you?"

"I am a poor man," answered the weaver, "and no other creature in the house have I, excepting my cat."

Rasálu, offering the man twenty rupees, bought the cat and took her with him, and as they went along she sucked at the ribs of Sirisūk.

Rasálu came next to a certain place where he saw two boys playing together. One of them made a small pool of water, and called it the river 'Rávi,' and the other made a similar pool and called it the river 'Chená.' Just then up came a third boy who stooped down and drank up the water out of both the pools.

Resuming his journey, Rasálu next saw an old soldier washing clothes on the bank of a river. He was a discharged pensioner who had done good service, and who had received as his reward the grant of a horse and sixty villages. His vouchers or pension-papers were tied up in his turban, which was lying at some distance from him upon the ground. When his back was turned a stray goat came by and ate up both his turban and his vouchers, and on discovering his loss the poor soldier, who was on

his way to claim his recompense, began to lament most bitterly.

Having observed these things, Rasálu continued his march, and at last approaching the city of Sirikōt, the capital of Rájá Sirikap, he pitched within a mile of the fortress, and there he tarried.

When the king of that place heard of the arrival of this redoubtable champion, he raised his magic storms in which many trees and houses were swept away. The next morning he enquired of his daughter, saying,

"See if that man is still there!"

The girl looked out of the window and said,—

"He and his horse are there still."

Then Sirikap proclaimed in the city—"To-night there will be a heavy fall of snow. Take care of yourselves." As the evening approached the snow began to come down, and it continued falling all night, until every place in the city was buried many a yard deep. When morning broke the king again addressed his daughter, saying,—

"See if the man is still there!"

"Sir," answered she looking out, "he is standing there still, and the snow has not touched him."

When the storm was over Rájá Rasálu entered the city, and, going to the castle gate, he took up the mallet, and smote the gong such a terrific blow that mallet and gong were both smashed into pieces.

Then said he to his horse, "If I venture to pass beneath the lady's swing my senses will leave me."

"Sit firmly in your seat," answered the horse; "I will reach her at a single bound, and the moment I reach her do you sever the swing with your sword."

With these words the horse leaped into the air and carried her rider to the lofty archway, when Rasálu with one stroke cut through the silken cord of the Princess Jhudhál's swing, and down fell the witch to the ground. Alarmed and indignant, she went running in to her father, crying out and saying—

"Some one has come to-day, O king,
Who kills and kills throughout the town;
He smote my ropes, and spoilt my swing,
And I, Jhudhál, came tumbling down;
The mallet flew in fragments eight,
In fragments nine down fell the gong;
O flee, my Sire, and baffle fate,
Your final hour you'll scarce prolong!"

"Daughter," said Rájá Sirikap, "do not distress yourself, and do not fear. Soon I shall kill him, and you will see his head upon the bloody walls which I have built of the heads of others."

As he spoke Rasálu himself entered the palace, and Sirikap rose and offered him a couch covered with a green cloth which had been woven by means of magic and charms, and upon that he invited him to rest.

But Rasálu rejected his offers. "I ask you not for coloured couches," said he. "Give me a

seat all woven in white, because white is fair and candid."

"So shall it be," answered Sirikap, "but first you must correctly guess the answer to an enigma which I shall set you, and then a white covered couch shall be at your service."

"Say on," said Rájá Rasálu.

Sirikap then spoke to him as follows :—

"Who of four-fold beard is he,
Of azure foot and neck so ruddy?
I've told the chief as you may see,
My riddle well the wise will study."

"This riddle of yours," answered Rasálu contemptuously, "is childish, and the answer is easy: it is an arrow. If you doubt it, take one out of my quiver, and regard well its four-bearded head, its blue steel foot, and its ruddy shaft. And now if you are satisfied give me to sit upon the white-covered couch."

"My riddle you have rightly guessed," replied Sirikap. "But now put one to me, and if I cannot give you the true answer, the white-covered couch shall be yours."

Then said Rasálu :—

"Within your city boundary
A wonder I did note :
A horse and sixty villages
Were swallowed by a goat ;
Then came a bald-head urchin
Of most capacious maw,
Who stooped him down and guzzled up
The Ravi and Chená."

Rasálu challenged his adversary to divine the answer, but Sirikap exercised his powers in vain. At last he was compelled to give it up, and Rasálu said to him, "You have not discovered the answer: grant me therefore the white-covered couch," and without another word Sirikap gave it to him. But the queen, who had been watching and listening, began to tremble with fear, until her husband went up to her and cheered her, saying,

"Do not grieve—I shall cut off this fellow's head in a minute and send it over to you, because many others have come in like manner, but none have escaped my hands at last."

Then said Sirikap to Rasálu, "Wherefore have you come to me?"

"It is reported," answered he, "that you are a tyrant, and that you have slaughtered thousands of innocent men. Therefore have I come to your castle, to challenge you to arms."

"Be it so," replied Sirikap. "Everything shall of course be ordered as you desire." Then said he again, "For you and me to fight together in public would be anything but creditable. Far better is it that you should come and play *choupat* with me, and that the conqueror should cut off the loser's head."

To this proposal Rájá Rasálu willingly agreed, so the *choupat* was brought, the lamp was lighted, and the two kings sat down to play.

As the game began, Sirikap chanted for luck saying :—

"Beneath this lamp's uncertain ray
Two kings contend in rival play ;
O changeful Game, change thou for me,
What Sirikap wills the same should be !"

Hearing this charm, Rasálu observed,—"That which you have now repeated is essentially wrong, since in your verse you have not mentioned the sacred name of God. What you should have said was this :—

"Beneath this lamp's uncertain ray
Two kings contend in rival play :
O changeful Game, change thou for me,
What God decrees the same shall be."

With these words the game began. Rájá Sirikap repeating incantations over his dice threw them, and Rasálu lost Siálkót. Then Rasálu waxed wrath, and in his anger he wagered all his servants, his goods, and his whole kingdom, all of which were also won by Sirikap. The third time he staked his mare Bhaunrá-Iráki and his parrot Shádi, which were also won by Sirikap: the fourth time he lost his arms ; and the fifth and last time he lost his own life.

Then Sirikap sprang to his feet, and drawing his sword he prepared to cut off his rival's head. But Rasálu said,

"It is true I have lost my head, and you have a right to act as you please. Nevertheless, I would look towards my own kingdom once more. Suffer me therefore to ascend for that purpose to the roof of your palace."

Sirikap consenting, Rasálu went up to the palace roof, and began to gaze towards Siálkót, and as he gazed in sorrow he smote his hands upon his thighs and uttered a sigh. Now the cat was concealed in his clothing, and when Rasálu smote himself she cried out, upon which the king remembered her, and rejoiced.

"O you luckless little beast," said he, "you have not yet done me a service at all, but now let me try my fortune once more."

Coming down into the palace, he said to Sirikap, "By whom were you created?"

"By Him who created you," answered he.

"If you really believe this," said Rasálu, "permit me to try one more game in His name."

"Certainly," answered Sirikap, and the two kings again sat down to play.

Then Rasálu exclaiming, "In the name of God," threw the dice, and won back Siálkót. In the second

game he won back his kingdom and all his subjects. In the third he recovered his horse and his parrot, in the fourth his arms, and in the fifth game he regained his own head.

The two kings were now quits, but Sirikap pressed for another trial and the play proceeded. Fortune however had deserted him, and in the first game he lost his capital city Sirikót, in the second all his kingdom, his furniture and army, and in the third his wife and children. Fiercely and warily he now contended for the fourth game upon which he had wagered his head, and finding that he made no way he cried out, "Harbansa, Harbansa!" when at once his male rat appeared on the scene. He stole in and ran towards his master in response to the summons, but meanwhile Rájá Rasálu had brought out his cat from his sleeve, and set her down in the shadow of the lamp. Then as the rat approached to meddle with the lamp, the cat pounced upon him and swallowed him up. Sirikap in his despair now cried out,

"Harbansi, Harbansi, look sharp, Harbansi!"

But the female rat which had witnessed the fate of her mate replied from a safe distance,

"A curse to your service, O king,
A curse to your handful of grain!
I am off to the hills, and my teeth
Shall nibble the herbage again."

The next moment the fourth game came to an end and Rasálu was again the victor. Drawing his sword he approached Sirikap to smite off his head, but his opponent besought him saying, "You begged my permission to look towards your country and I gave it. You will allow me then, for the sake of God, to go and see my family, but first I would venture a game in the name of God as you did."

Rasálu accepted his offer, and the game was once more resumed, but again Sirikap lost. Then said he, "I would now, if you will permit me, go and bid adieu to my family, after which I will shortly return."

Rasálu agreed, and the defeated king going to his wife and daughters said to them, "Put on your jewels, attire yourselves royally, and presenting yourselves before Rasálu endeavour to subdue him with your beauty."

So his wife and daughters apparelled themselves in their best and adorned themselves with rich ornaments and bright jewels, and going to Rájá Rasálu they began to parade their charms. But he heeded them not, neither did he look at them attentively, but he asked of them, "Where is Sirikap?"

"In fear of his life," answered they, "he has fled away."

"It does not matter," said Rasálu. "Wherever he goes I will search for him and find him out."

Going to the council of ministers he enquired where their master generally sat. Some said, "He may be in his chamber of mirrors." Others said, "He may be in his subterranean dwelling." But the rest said, "He is a king, and he must have gone whithersoever it pleased him."

Then Rasálu began to search the court and the palace. From chamber to chamber he passed; in some places he found miserable captives, in others the bodies of dead men and women, and in others precious stones and valuable ornaments, but nowhere could he discover Sirikap. Leaving the palace he went to the stables, and, as he looked and looked in every corner, his eye rested on a manger filled with litter which seemed to be alive.

"What is the matter," said he, "with this horse-litter that it swells and sinks and swells again?"

Going up to the manger, he tossed out the litter, and there, crouching miserably beneath it, was found Rájá Sirikap.

"Ah," said Rasálu, "doubtless you are some mean fellow, since you have hidden yourself in this filthy place."

And he caught him by the neck and dragged him along to the chamber in which they had played, exclaiming as he went, "O villain, hundreds of heads you have smitten off in your time with your own

hand, and all for pastime, yet you never grieved or shed a tear. And now when the same fate is to be your own you sneak away and bury yourself in horse-dung !"

Now an event had occurred in the palace of which Rasálu was not aware. One of the favourite wives had given birth to a daughter, and the magicians and wizards had met Sirikap and had told him, saying, "Sire, we have sought for the interpretation of this mystery why ruin should have fallen on your house, and we divine that calamity has been brought by your infant daughter whose destiny has crossed your own. She has come in an evil hour. Let her now be sacrificed, and let her head be thrown into the river and your crown and head will be secure." And Sirikap had answered, "If my life depend on her, go, cut off her head, and mine may haply yet be preserved." So a slave-girl was despatched to bring the infant to the magicians. And as she carried it along from the apartments of its mother, she cried, while she caressed it,

"O, what a pretty child, I should like to save it."

It was just at this moment as she crossed the court that Rájá Rasálu appeared from the stable dragging Sirikap, and he thus overheard her remark.

"Where are you taking that child ?" said he.

"This is the king's child, born only this very night," answered the slave girl. "The Brahmin soothsayers have declared that she is the cause of all her father's troubles, and now her head is to be taken off and thrown into the Indus."

When Rasálu looked at the child he loved it, and he said to the girl, "Follow me."

Having entered the chamber, he released his victim, who said,

"Rasálu, say now, what is your purpose?"

"I am going," answered he, "to cut off your head."

"For the sake of God," said Sirikap, "spare me and grant me my life, and in lieu of your wager, take one of my daughters in marriage."

"I want none of your daughters," replied Rasálu, "I want only your head."

Sirikap then humbled himself more and more, pleading for his life and saying, "Sir, have mercy!"

At last Rasálu relenting said, "You shall be spared on certain conditions. In the first place you will take an oath never to play *choupat* with any one again. In the next you will free all your miserable captives. And in the third place, you will draw five lines with your nose on a red hot griddle."

All these terms were accepted by Sirikap, who took the oath, and released his prisoners, but when the red hot griddle was produced he began to

excuse himself not to make the lines. But Rasálu caught him by the back of the neck, and holding his nose to the griddle, he marked it with lines until his nose was burnt down to the bridge, after which he loosed him and let him go. Then Sirikap, seeing himself in such a state of shame and disgrace, ran away into the wild woodlands, and never returned any more.

After this Rájá Rasálu, having established a government of his own, mounted his charger, and at the head of some chosen followers, whose lance-heads gleamed in the sunlight, and whose accoutrements clashed merrily, he rode proudly away. With him in a magnificent litter, accompanied by her ancient nurse, travelled the infant daughter of Sirikap, whose name was Kokal, or Kokláṉ, the sweet-cooing Dove. She it was who in after years, when she grew to woman's estate, became his beautiful, but ill-fated consort.

CHAPTER X.

THE TREASON OF QUEEN KOKLÁṆ.

Rasálu settles at Kheri-múrti. Childhood of Kokláṇ. Death of the nurse. Rasálu's pursuits. Ráni Kokláṇ accompanies Rasálu to the chase. Their adventures. Hírá Haran the Blue Buck, his disgrace and his revenge. Bald-head and One-eye. Rájá Hodi comes to Kheri-múrti. His amour with Kokláṇ. The parrot and the mina. Hodi quits the palace in alarm. The disconsolate queen. Hodi's adventure with the washerman and his wife. His arrival at Aṭṭak.

TRAVELLING thence for twelve days Rasálu arrived at the hills of Kheri-múrti near Burhán, where he saw upon the height a beautiful mansion surrounded by a fair garden, which looked like the dwelling-place of a king.

"This," said Rasálu, "is an abode worthy of living in, and here I resolve to remain."

"Sir," said his mare to him, "this is a palace which looks to me like the house of a giant. It is not wise to take up your quarters here."

"Let us abide," answered Rasálu, "at least for a night. If we are molested we can then abandon it, but if not, I mean to occupy it, because it is a place after my own heart, and I have no desire to leave it."

So there they slept in security, and no man, or demon, or any other creature, intruded upon them for twelve years, and Rasálu said, "Here there is no one to cause us alarm." And in that lofty stronghold he dwelt, having strengthened it well with walls and bastions all round, and having cut out a flight of steps, eighty-six in number, from the garden beneath to the palace above.

When the child Koklán was growing up, he ordered that the old custom of his people should be disregarded, and that the little princess should be, not reared on vegetable food, but nourished with flesh-meat every day. Her education was intrusted to the ancient nurse who had accompanied her from Sirikót, and who was quite devoted to her. No other woman but herself was allowed to attend her, and no other woman but herself was permitted to enter the walls of the fortress. When with increasing years she became ill, and was likely to die, the king said to her,

"I have as much respect and love for you as for my own mother, and wherever it is your wish that your body should be burnt, there it shall be done."

"Do not burn my body," requested she, "merely throw it into the Abbá-Sindh."*

And when the day of her death came, her wishes were duly observed.

Rájá Rasálu was passionately fond of hunting. Leaving the child in the charge of the nurse, he was in the habit of visiting the woodland every day with bows and arrows to chase the wild deer. Rejoicing in his vast strength and in his unrivalled skill as a marksman, he indulged in the sport either wholly alone or attended only by Shádí, his parrot. In the evening he returned with his spoil to the castle, when the feast was spread, and his minstrels sang of his exploits, and of the exploits of Vikrámájit, as he sat with his little princess on his divan, and fed her with venison. Her life was lonely with only a nurse to attend to her, but she had constant companions in eighty parrots, eighty-six minas, and eighty peacocks, who guarded her both night and day, and who like all living things in those days had the gift of speech. With them she used to converse, and to them she communicated her little joys and sorrows.

* The Father of Rivers—the Indus.

So passed the lives of king and princess, until the old nurse died, and the little girl had grown into a woman, and had become Rasálu's Queen. They were very happy together, for the king was always what Mahummadans in the Panjáb name a "good" man, which means that he was faithful to the one lady of his choice, and that he never desired the companionship of another. Nay, further, Rasálu was more, for having been vowed to chastity from the moment of his birth, he ever guarded well that one principle, upon the preservation of which the whole of his wonderful strength depended.

One evening, when he was in a merry mood, an odd fancy came into the king's mind, which was, that his young wife should accompany him to the chase. Said she to him,

"I have eaten so much venison in my life, that if I did go with you all the deer of the forest would follow me."

But the proposal delighted her, and her happy youthful spirits became exhilarated at the prospect of liberty, and of leaving the castle, if only for a day, to visit the wild trackless woodland.

"But," said she "how do you kill the deer?"

"When I shoot my arrow at the deer," answered the king, "and when the deer feels himself wounded, he runs back, and falls dead before my horse's feet."

The queen was surprised to hear tell of this, and she said,

"How can it be? I should like so much to see it."

"And so you shall," said he, "for to-morrow, Sweetheart, you and I will go hunting together."

In the morning they set out unattended, the queen riding on a pillion behind her husband, and they came to the wooded hillocks and grassy ravines, where the deer loved to wander. Soon the king loosed an arrow from the string, which wounded a doe, but the animal instead of approaching them ran forward half-a-mile, when she was overtaken and slain.

Then said the queen,

"You have not spoken the truth, Sir."

"Why so?" asked Rasálu.

"If you had had no horse with you," replied the queen, "you could not have caught this deer at all."

"The reason is this," said Rasálu, "you have been sitting behind me the whole day touching my body, and from contact with you one-third of my force has left me."

Then said the queen, with a mocking laugh, "I know not whether I am wife or daughter, but if a mere touch has cost you one-third of your strength, how will it fare with you for descendants? But now allow me, and I will catch all these animals alive with my hands."

So the queen dismounted, and sat herself down among the rocks and the thickets, and she loosened her beautiful raven hair, gazing all the time with full eyes at the deer. But when these gentle creatures saw her, and when they scented in the breeze the sweet fragrance of her flowing tresses, they all came running towards her. And she said to Rasálu,

"Come now, Raja, and catch any one of them you please."

"I will catch none of them," answered the king warmly, "neither are they worth the killing, for they are your lovers."

Just then there approached her a great blue buck, by name Hírá Haran, who was the monarch of them all. Enchanted with her dazzling beauty, he walked up to her with stately steps, and made an obeisance by stooping down his noble head at the Ráni's feet.

King Rasálu, who had been filled with amazement at the power of his wife's beauty, no sooner saw the king of the deer at her feet than his jealous soul became black with resentment.

"Never have I permitted a single creature of the male sex to approach her," said he to himself, "and now the king of the deer is languishing at her feet!"

His passionate nature was not proof against the anger with which such a spectacle inspired him, so

drawing his sword he seized Hírá Haran, and cut off his ears and his tail.

"O Rájá Rasálu," remonstrated the deer, "you are a monarch among men, and I am only an animal of the jungle. With your sword you have lopt off my ears and my tail; but know that one day you yourself will be so gashed and slashed, that until the day of judgment you never will heal you of your wounds again":—

"O king my ears and my tail you have lopt,
You have marred and insulted me sore;
But beware, for if ever by doe I was dropt,
The spoiler shall visit your door!"

The indignant deer then departed, leaving the royal pair to themselves. But the queen, whose feminine instincts had been gratified by the homage offered to her by the king of the greenwood, felt mortified and vexed to think that her husband should have forgotten himself. Nor was he less angry at the unfortunate mis-hap which had spoilt the pleasure of the day, one moment reproaching his wife, and another moment bitterly accusing Hírá Haran, but failing to see that his unhappiness was due to his own rashness. And so the two returned to Kheri-Múrti; but it was some days before their tempers were mollified, and long before confidence was again restored.

Meanwhile the Blue Buck was planning a bitter revenge. At the town of Attock on the banks of the

Indus a certain king named Hodi had built a border-fortress on the top of a cliff which rises from the very margin of the river. This chieftain was noted for his love of intrigue, as well as for his passion for the pleasures of the chase. Calling these circumstances to mind the Blue Buck said,

"Now, I will betake me to the palace of Rájá Hodi, and I will graze in his garden, and when the hue-and-cry is set up, and he begins to follow me, I will run to the castle of Rájá Rasálu."

So he made his way to Rájá Hodi's, followed by all his friends, and entering the king's garden he utterly destroyed it. These things the gardeners reported to their master, who, when he heard of the havoc which had been made, issued a notice, saying,

"Whosoever shall kill Hírá Haran, the Blue Buck, I will give him rich presents, a horse to ride on, and jewels to wear, and I will make him the commander of my army."

This notice was published over all that country, and it so happened that the news of it reached the ears of two shepherd-boys named Bald-head and One-eye, who said to each other,

"Let us go and find this Hírá Haran, the Blue Buck."

They searched and searched until they found him, when Bald-head went privately to Rájá Hodi and said to him,

"If you will come with me I will show you the Blue Buck."

Then the king loaded him with presents and accompanied him to the place.

Meanwhile, however, One-eye who harboured a grudge against Bald-head, had hunted away the buck from that ravine into another. And when Rájá Hodi came and could not find anything, he said,

"Where is the Blue Buck?"

Then spoke One-eye and said,

"This boy is silly, and knows nothing whatever about him. He has been deceiving you; but if you will take away his presents and give them to me, I will show you the Blue Buck."

So the king transferred the presents from Bald-head to One-eye, who took him to the ravine and pointed out to him the game he was in search of.

As soon as Hírá Haran perceived Rájá Hodi, he ran deliberately in front of him, and led his pursuer in the direction of Kheri-múrti, all the time feigning a lameness in order to entice him on more and more with the hope of eventual capture.

"Sir," said the wazir, "do not pursue this deer, there is some magic about him."

King Hodi, however, refused to hear the voice of his wazir, and, galloping his horse, he went straight for his quarry, leaving his attendants to shift for themselves. After an exciting run the Blue Buck sprang the river close to the palace of Ráni Koklán, and the noble horse of Rájá Hodi, roused by the chase, essayed and performed the same leap. But the deer then disappeared into a cave and hid himself, and when the king arrived at the spot he was nowhere to be seen.

So Hodi drew rein, and finding himself in the midst of a garden of mangoes, he stretched forth his hand to pluck some of the fruit. But as he did so one of the sentinel-minas exclaimed,

"Do not break the branches, and do not eat the mangoes. This garden belongs to one who will punish intruders."

Rájá Hodi then observed that the trees grew beneath a fortress, but he could perceive no means of approach. Looking up, he saw the plumage of the parrots gleaming from the eaves, and Ráni Koklán pacing the roof in her royal array. Then said he to to the mina—

"The parrots perch themselves aloft,
They dwell within the eaves;
But O that splendid lustre, soft
And bright as golden leaves:
Say, Mina, say, what beauty passes there,
Perchance some man, or is it maiden fair?"

The mina answered him,

"She is the wife of the king who is away hunting in the moors and woodlands."

Then said one of the birds to the queen,

"See, a man has entered the garden, and he is spoiling the fruit!"

"What is a man?" asked the queen. "Is he a wild beast, or is he some other thing? Where is he—I want to see him—show me him!"

The queen looked down from the roof of her palace, and saw that some Rájá was sitting on horseback in her garden, and that he carried a bow, and an arrow which weighed three pounds. Then cried she to him:

"Ho, Sir, beneath my palace walls,
Say who and what are you?
Some skulking robber, rife for brawls?
Or, are you champion true?"

And to her Rájá Hodi returned answer:

"O Ráni, thieves are clothed in rags,
True men are clean and white;
For love of you, o'er flats and crags,
I kept my game in sight;
And far from country and from kin,
He led me here fair lady's smile to win."

Then said the queen:

"What Rájá's son are you,
And say what name you bear,
Where lies your fatherland,
What city claims you there?"

The king answered her;

"Rájá Bhaṭṭi's son am I,
Hodi is the name I bear,
Udhe is my fatherland,
Aṭṭak is my city there."

Then thought Hodi to himself, "Who is this woman in the midst of the wilderness? Is she a witch or some goddess? I must find out." So he said,

"Who is your father, and who is your husband? Where can the foolish one have gone who has left you alone in your lofty palace?"

"I am the daughter of King Sirikap, and the wife of Rasálu," answered the queen Koklán. "Leaving me alone in my lofty palace, my husband is far away chasing the wild deer."

When Hodi heard the name of Rasálu he began to quake with fear, and would fain have turned back. But love stronger than fear urged him on, and he said to the queen,

"Do you know me, who I am?"

"Yes," answered she, "I know you well, and I have been waiting for you."

Then said Hodi:

"Running and walking in breathless haste,
From scenes afar I hied me,
Yet here the golden time I waste,
For I know no path to guide me;
O Ráni, say, where lies your palace road,
Where are the steps that lead to your abode?"

And to him the queen made answer:

"Beneath the mangoes set your steed,
Your quiver to the pommel tie;
The steps that to the castle lead,
Among the mangoe-trees they lie;
Full eighty-six, nor less nor more,
Will bring you to my palace door."

Rájá Hodi looked for the steps, and finding them he began to ascend. But when he gained the vestibule of the palace, one of the minas on guard stopped him, saying:

"Where have you lost your deer,
And where did your cattle go?
Some traitor led you here
To play Rasálu's foe."

And turning to her companion, a parrot, she said, "The duty which is imposed on us both by our dear master is to watch over the safety of the queen, and we shall be false to our salt if we do not report to him the misconduct of this stranger."

By this time Ráni Koklán was growing impatient, and she was saying to herself,

"Why does he tarry, why linger the steps of my Rájá?"

So she passed out of her chamber to enquire, and, seeing that her favourite mina was the cause of the delay, she began to reprove her. But the mina replied,

"What are you doing, admitting a strange man to these walls? If the king hear of this

wickedness, he will strike you dead where you stand."

The queen started and flushed with rage, but, restraining herself, she led Hodi to the well which Rájá Rasálu had hewn out of the rock, and which was furnished with wheels and ropes and pitchers for drawing up water into the trough. There they sat, and she gave him food and drink, and they entertained one another with delicious words.

Then Koklán led the way to the vestibule of the king's chamber, but, as she gained the door-way, the mina again spoke and said,

"Hear, O parrot, this is no longer a home for us, for this fellow is neither a kinsman nor a connection. Surely such presumption never was seen, that a wretched crow should peck at the clustering grapes!"

The queen instantly turned upon the mina, but the parrot, anxious to allay her anger, said to his companion,

"O you senseless one! What harm is done if the man merely eats and drinks and goes away? What is Rájá Rasálu to us? Does not the queen our mistress tend us and feed us with her own hands."

"She does indeed," answered the mina. "Still she has dishonoured her name, and done what she should not have done. And we are the servants of the Rájá."

This speech of the mina enraged the queen still more, so much so, indeed, that she ran to the cage, and, seizing the unfortunate bird, she wrung her neck and cast her away. But the cunning parrot, gazing at his friend's quivering body, said,

"Ah, you silly chatterer, you have just met your deserts!" Then addressing his mistress, he said, "If you would but take me out of my cage, I should like to give the mina's dead body a couple of kicks."

Said the queen, "Thank you, parrot, you are loyal and true," and she opened the cage, and let him out, when the parrot flew to the mina and kicked her.

Meanwhile the queen had closed the door, and taken Hodi into Rasálu's chamber, and there both he and she sat down together on the couch. Then the king, admiring her refined beauty, said to her:

"A tiny mouth, a slender nose,
A figure graceful as the fawn,
Two eyes as soft as opening rose
When glistening with the dews of dawn.
O queen, how dainty thou—so slim, so slight,
One little touch would surely break you quite!"

But Ráni Koklán answered her gallant:

"For joy the fletcher frames the arrowy dart,
For joy the blade is wrought by curious art,
And as in June the horn-tipt bow's unstrung,
And, all relaxed, within the chamber hung,
But, summer past, is pulled and pulled again,
Nor feels the force of unaccustomed strain,
So bounteous love, the more it takes and gives,
The more it charms us, and the more it lives."

Now, all this time the parrot was meditating an escape from the closed chamber, but he found no means of egress. At last he perceived a small aperture, and, fluttering through it, he flew on to the battlements.

"Up and away!" cried the alarmed queen to Hodi—"away, as you hope to save your life! The news has gone to Rasálu!"

"Alas!" said Hodi with a deep breath. "But O Ráni," continued he, "if you will coax the parrot to return, I think he will not disregard you, but come back to your house, and then we shall have no room for alarm and no cause for sorrow."

So the queen looked out at a casement, and cried through the lattice in caressing tones:

"Rice with my nails have I cleaned for you ever,
Boiled it in new milk and chided you never;
Come to me, Pretty, return to me, Dear,
You are my Ránjhá, and I am your Hír!" *

But the parrot was deaf to her blandishments, and, spreading his bright wings, he answered her:

"You've killed my pretty mina dead,
All widowed now am I;
If e'er by parrots I was bred,
Away to the king I'll fly."

With these words the bird mounted, and flew far away, and he began to search for Rájá Rasálu among

* These were two devoted lovers.

forests and hills and deserts, but unable to find him he finally stopped exhausted in one place.

Meanwhile, Hodi was in a fright, for, when he saw the tell-tale parrot on the wing, fear seized upon him, and, caring only for his own safety, he hastened out of the doors of the palace. But the queen threw her arms about him and clipped him, and wept piteously, and Hodi to soothe her wiped away her tears with his hands, and the black stain from her eyes discoloured his fingers. Impatient to be gone, he tore himself away from her, and then for his cowardice she regarded him with scorn, and said,

"You are leaving me to bear the brunt of it all. I took you for a swan, but, lo, you are a veritable crane! Had I known you, you should not have come nigh my door."

Vexed by her taunts Hodi answered her,

"I have eaten of delicate fare, and my leavings remain; the beautiful cloth has become worn and old fit covering for beggars."

With these words he rushed from the place, and made his escape. Coming to the river-bank, he went down to drink water, for he was thirsty, and there, when he had put down his hands towards the water, he saw on his fingers the black stain of the collyrium, and he drew them back, saying,

"This is the only token of my love which I possess, and I must not lose it."

Thus speaking to himself, he stooped down on his knees, and drank like a goat.

Hard by, there was an old washerman, who observing his action said to his wife, "Who is that man drinking water like a beast?"

"Whether you know him or not," answered she, "I know him well."

"Tell me, then, who he is," said her husband.

"He is Rájá Hodi," said the woman.

"O fool," returned the washerman, "did you ever see a Rájá drinking water like that?"

"I am afraid," replied she, "to tell you the reason of it, lest, if I did, you should kill me."

"What a strange thing to say," said he; "as if I should kill you for telling me a good secret!"

"Take an oath!" said his wife.

"I take an oath of the God who created me," answered he, "that I will not harm you, if you will tell me why the Rájá is drinking water like that."

Then his wife replied to him thus:

"Last night, some wayward wife, or daughter,
Enrocked him in her soft embraces;
So, ox-like, stoops the king for water,
For love to save love's piteous traces;
She wept to part, he wiped her tears away,
The sable stains his finger-tips beray."

The washerman, hearing this horrid scandal, became angry, and said to his wife,

"No doubt you, woman, have been at the bottom of it; you have been the go-between; otherwise how could you know anything of the Rájá's doings?"

Thus saying he took up his mallet and struck her on the back of the head, so that she fell senseless.

"A nice man you are," said she when she came to, "I told you what you asked for, and this was your return!"

Now Hodi had stopped drinking to listen to their colloquy, and, feeling ashamed, he had risen and was walking away without quenching his thirst. Then the washerman, perceiving his anger, thought to himself, "In the morning this Rájá will surely kill me." So he said to his wife,

"Don't be offended; go to that Rájá and bring him back to drink water; otherwise he will never leave me alone."

"That I will not," answered his wife. "By trusting you once I have already suffered enough, and if I bring the Rájá back, you will say I was his friend, as you have said already."

"Call him back," said her husband, "I will not touch you."

Then she turned round to Hodi, and cried,

"Use not the blistering herb as a tooth-brush, and eat not the flesh of snakes. Caress not another's son, for he will cover you with spittle. Churn not another's curds, for their taste is as water, neither covet another's bed, since it never can be yours. Therefore cleanse your hands, wash away the stain and come drink handfuls of water."

Rájá Hodi, perceiving that she was a witch, took the woman's advice, and washing his hands he drank his fill. Then approaching the washerman he said,

"O washerman, this woman is not fitted for you, because she is wise, while you are a fool. You had better take a thousand gold pieces, and hand her over to me. I will cherish her like one of my children, and with my money you can marry another."

"Your pardon, Sir," said the washerman, "this plan will never do."

So Rájá Hodi left them, and passing on he arrived at his own palace. There, choosing a solitary chamber, in which stood an old couch, he laid himself down, and began, with tears, to remember and to lament for the Ráni Koklán.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FATE OF RÁNI KOKLÁN.

The fugitive parrot resumes his search. He finds his master in Hazárá, and betrays the queen. Rasálu and his horse. His arrival home. He despatches Shádi to Rájá Hodi. The stratagem. Hodi comes to Kheri-múrti. The duel. Hodi's death. Rasálu and Koklán. The evidences of guilt. The gradually unfolding catastrophe. The end of Ráni Koklán.

WHILE all these disgraceful doings were going on at the palace of Rájá Rasálu, the queen's parrot, having recovered from his fatigue resumed his search, and at last, coming to Jhulná Kangan in Hazárá, he noticed some smoke rising up to the skies. So he flew towards it, and there he saw his dear master's horse tied to a tree, and Shádi the parrot sitting on the pommel of the saddle, while under the cool shade of the drooping foliage the king lay sleeping.

Said he to Shádi, "Wake up your Rájá!"

"I have no authority to do so," answered Shádi, "wake him yourself, since you are the Ráni's messenger."

Then the weary bird, dipping his wings in the flowing stream, fluttered them over Rasálu's face, and the drops fell upon him like soft rain, and he awoke, and seeing his wife's favourite sitting above him on the tree, he said, "Why have you left the house alone?"

Weeping, the bird made answer:

"The Ráni killed my mina-birdie,
Cold it lies upon the floor,
And my reproaches, unavailing,
Only vexed her more and more;
Arise, arise, O sleeping Rájá,
Thieves have forced your palace door!"

Hearing these sorrowful tidings the king said:

"My minas number eighty-six,
My peacocks tell fourscore;
Well guarded thus, what thievish tricks
Could force my palace door?"

"If," answered the parrot, "the house-holder himself rob the house, and fix it on others, or if the fence eat up the barley-crop, what can the guards do?"

Then Rasálu arose, and said to his horse, "Now be wary and true, O Bhaunrá-Iráki, and take me to my house in a moment."

"I will do so," answered the horse, "but never smite me with your heels."

Mounting, the king rode away towards Kherimúrti; but, in a fit of impatience, he forgot his promise, and plunged his spurs into the horse's side, when at once the animal came to a halt, and was turned into a stone.

"Ah, you unfaithful one," cried Rasálu as he leaped from the saddle, "O you unworthy friend, is this a time for perfidy?"

"Touch me again," said the horse, "and I shall never be able to carry you more:

"O spare your whip, your rowel spare,
Rasálu, press me not at all;
If ever I was bred from mare,
I'll set you 'neath your castle-wall."

Saying these words, the gallant horse arose, and taking her master on her back once more, in an instant she reached her destination.

The first act of Rájá Rasálu on dismounting beneath the mangoes was to ascend to his wife's chamber, where he found her lying fast asleep. Leaving her undisturbed he went down again to the garden, and said to Shádi his parrot, "Go silently and tenderly, and bring me here the ring from off the Ráni's hand," and the bird at once went away and brought it.

Then the king, having tied it round his faithful comrade's neck, commanded him, saying, "Away now to Rájá Hodi! Tell him that Rasálu has been killed in the forest, and that Ráni Koklán has sent you

with this token of love as a sign for him to come and bear her away."

"I go at once, Sir," answered the parrot, and taking wing he flew towards Attak, and reaching the palace he perched himself in one of the windows. There he was seen by certain of the servants, who said to each other, "See this parrot—it is tame—it looks like someone's pet!"

Overhearing their words Shádi answered them, "You are right, I am."

"Whose parrot are you?" enquired one.

"I belong to the Ráni Koklaṉ," replied he, "and if you will go and tell your Rájá that I am here, he will reward you."

The servants went to the Rájá and said to him, "There is a parrot sitting in one of the windows, who says that he has a message for you from the Ráni Koklaṉ."

Rájá Hodi, hearing the name of Koklaṉ, sprang to his feet, and came out instantly, and, approaching the parrot, he said, "O faithful bird, what message have you brought for me?"

Instead of answering, Shádi began to shed tears.

"Why are you crying?" asked the king.

"Doubtless," replied the parrot, "you are an honourable man, to form a friendship, and then to go away and discard it utterly!"

"What do you mean by that?" said Hodi.

"This morning," answered the parrot, "the Ráni, on account of your absence, was going to kill herself. I, seeing the dagger in her hand, implored her, saying, 'O wait till I return!' Then she gave me her ring, and bade me for dear life go quickly, and she is waiting for me. But if you do not go to her at once, she will destroy herself."

Hodi taking the love-token said, "But where is your master Rasálu?"

"God knows," answered Shádi. "I have searched for him everywhere, but I was unable to find him. I think some demons or giants must have killed him and eaten him."

Rájá Hodi then called for his horse, and mounted, and rode away on the spot. And when they sighted the towers of Kheri-múrti, the parrot addressed him and said, "Let me fly in advance of you to inform the queen of your arrival."

"Pray do so," answered Hodi. And the parrot flew to the mangoe-trees and said to his master, "Your rival is coming. Make ready to meet him!"

Then Rasálu, hearing the longed-for tidings, sprang into his saddle, and awaited his foeman in patience.

When Rájá Hodi drew nigh, the king advanced to meet him, and said to him, "Good morrow, Sir; will you walk up?"

Hodi, seeing him, became as motionless as a picture, and began to make hundreds of excuses, saying, "I have come here by mistake. I did not know whose palace this might be, and I was coming to enquire. I hope you will excuse me."

"Nay," said Rasálu, "your destiny has brought you here. It is better to betake you to your arms, and to use them first on me."

"Sir," answered Hodi, "I am not your enemy. I was unaware whose fortress this might be, so I was coming to enquire about it. I do not think there is any harm in enquiring!"

"Let this senseless talk go," said Rasálu, "and use your weapons first! Otherwise you will say 'Rasálu smote me treacherously.'"

Hodi, finding there was no escape from him, took an arrow from his quiver, and, putting it to his bow, he cried, "Now look out, my poisoned arrow is coming!" and shot at Rasálu.

But Rasálu bent from his horse, and avoided the bolt which, striking against the castle-walls, broke the stones into shivers. Then said the injured king,

"O little, little, bends the bow-string tight,
But grandly bends the bow that bends to might;
The wise man bends to shun the barbéd bolt,
Who never bends at all is worse than dolt."

But King Hodi, in fear and dismay, with his fate before him, groaned and said,

"O little, little, can I see of you,
Rasálu,
A gathering mist obscures your form from view,
Rasálu!
With knives of hardened steel my heart is riven,
It burns like flames within the furnace driven,
O hear, Rasálu!"

Deaf to prayers and entreaties, Rasálu fitted one of his iron arrows to his tremendous bow, and prepared to launch it. At first, to test his adversary's nerve, he grimly made a feint of shooting, when at once the quaking coward slipped behind a mangoe-tree.

"Ha," cried Rasálu, "You are behind the mangoe-tree, are you? Look out, your final hour has come!"

Drawing the bow to its utmost tension, he let fly the messenger of death, which drove through the trunk of the tree, and pierced through the body of his foe, and fell four hundred yards beyond. So swiftly flew the fatal shaft, that Rájá Hodi never so much as felt it, and he said to Rasálu, "You have missed!"

"I never missed in my life," answered he. "Shake yourself, and see."

And when Hodi shook himself, he fell down senseless from his horse, and died beneath the mangoe-trees.

Then the king went forward sword in hand, and, dismounting, he smote off the traitor's head.

As the head rolled aside from the bleeding trunk the lips of the dead parted and the quivering tongue uttered the words—"Rasálu, give me to drink!"

And Rasálu, as in a dream, lifted his adversary's empty quiver from which the arrows had slipped, and, filling it with water from a pool, he held it to the open mouth, and Hodi drank, and when he had drunk he cried,

"O birds, wheeling above me and cleaving the sweet air with your motionless pinions, go to the queen, my Loved One, tell her that Hodi is dead, and that he has taken water from the hands of Rasálu!"

There was a sense of savage exultation at the heart of Rájá Rasálu as he fiercely reflected, "To-day I have brought my wife no venison. Yet she shall have venison daintier than ever she tasted before."

The headless corpse lay at his feet. Stripping it of its rich clothing, and cutting open the body, he tore out the heart, and took it with him into the castle, rolling aside the ponderous gate, and closing it again with a giant's strength.

Having made his preparations, he went to the apartments of the queen, and found her still asleep. "Get up," cried he, "the hour is late."

Rising from her couch, she looked at him in amazement, for her conscience smote her, and she said to herself, "Does he suspect anything?"

Turning from the threshold and looking into the court, he noticed that water had been recently drawn in the suspended pitchers of the well by means of the heavy treadle, which was too difficult for the slender strength of his wife to move. There too stood his favourite hookah close to the platform which was befouled with spittle. Regarding his Ráni with a sorrowful air, he said,

"Who has smoked my hookah, Ráni,
Who his spittle here did throw;
Who the water lifted, Ráni,
Wet's the trough with overflow?"

Then the queen hastened to answer her lord,

"I have smoked your hookah, Rájá,
I the spittle here bestrowed;
I the pitchers lifted, Rájá,
And the water overflowed."

But in her mind she said "Has the parrot betrayed me."

Then the king looked about him, and observed that both the favourite birds' cages were empty. "Ah!" said he, "I hear not the voice of your parrot, and the mina greets not her master. Where are your friends?"

"The voice of the parrot is still," answered she, "and the mina greets not her master, because they are

roving abroad. I let out my friends for a flight, and they flew to the mangoe-trees."

But her mind misgave her, and she thought to herself, "Now the truth must come out."

Then the king went to the walls, and cried, "Miámittu! Miámittu!" and the parrot heard, and replied from the mangoe-trees.

"Here I am," said he, "but my body shakes with fear. I dare not enter the palace."

He held out his hand and the parrot flew on to it. And the king said, "You and the mina-bird were left by me to guard and protect the Queen. My confidence has been abused. All this evil has been going on, and you did not tell me."

"I could tell you the whole truth," answered the parrot, "but these days are not the days for truth. One of us told the truth, and now his head lies here, and his body there."

When the king saw the mina-bird all ruffled and headless, he picked up the body, and took it to the Queen.

"Look! I left the mina whole and well—what work is this?"

"He was killed by the parrot," answered she, "ask him—he dares not deny it." And as she spoke the words she threw at the bird a threatening look.

But the parrot said—"Perhaps it was so; I may have killed the mina; but did the king ever hear of such a thing in the world?"

At the same time he pointed a claw at his mistress to signify that the mina had been killed by herself.

Then the king entered his chamber, and as he gazed around him with kindling eyes he noticed how the cushions and mats were disordered, and, here and there, scattered about, he observed the stones of his wife's broken necklace of rubies, which she had been vainly endeavouring to string. Then said he,

"Strange footsteps mark my floor, Ráni,
My couch is all dispread;
Who forced my chamber-door, Ráni,
What thief abused my bed;
What hand the necklace tore, Ráni,
Who broke the golden thread?"

And again the queen made answer,

"Soon as the mina died, Rájá,
My beads the parrot tore,
All scared I stepped aside, Rájá,
And trod the polished floor;
O never ask me why, Rájá,
Your couch is all dispread,
For none came here but I, Rájá,
To rest upon your bed!"

But even as she uttered her transparent excuses her heart sank within her, and she wearily sighed, "Alas, what next!"

Then the king, restraining his rage and grief, cried, "Enough! Go, Ráni, and see to the venison which is preparing in the cook-house, and bake me my bread."

And he went out, and sat down, sullen and moody, by the well.

When the queen appeared with the smoking flesh and the cakes of bread, she laid them down on the masonry, and the king looked at her and said, "Come, let us eat together once more."

Like a woman, quite forgetful of her faults, she accepted his apparent kindness, and her spirits rose; but men are different, they nurse their thoughts and keep their suspicions warm.

Then the king put some of the bread to his lips, and said, "To-day my bread is tasteless."

"Ah!" said the queen, "What food, dear Heart, have you brought me here? Methinks no venison was ever so dainty and sweet as this."

Pushing his bread away from him, and rising up on the platform, the king darkly replied,

"What food is this so dainty sweet?
Alive he languished at your feet;
Now, dead and gone, he pleases still—
You eat his flesh—nay, eat your fill!
But O may she whose heart is proved untrue,
Ascend the funeral pile, and perish too!"

The bit dropped from the unhappy queen's mouth as she said to herself, "Ah, I am betrayed, I am betrayed; he knows all! all is over!"

Then she answered her lord with something of pride and defiance,

"I sit me down, and O you flout me sore,
I get me up, and still you mock me more ;
Since then my suffering gaze nor help nor hope can spy,
With him for whom you taunt me, Rájá, will I die !"

Saying this, she sprang to her feet, and rushed wildly up the battlements, whence she beheld lying far beneath her the headless body of her paramour. Then with a cry she threw herself over ; but before her body had reached the rocks below, her breath had gone out of her, and Queen Koklaṇ, the false, the beautiful, was dead.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DEATH OF RASÁLU.

Rasálu recovers the bodies. He carries them down to the river. His adventure with the washerman and his wife. The washerman's story. The king befriends the washerman. His grief and his failing powers. The wise women of Aṭṭak. Rájá Hodi's brothers. The invasion of Kheri-múrti. The washerman's message and the prophecy. Siege of Kheri-múrti. Rasálu's curse. The battle. Rasálu's death. L'envoy.

WHEN Rájá Rásalu had witnessed the bloody and pitiful fate of his consort, he hastened in his amazement to the gate of the fortress, and, passing swiftly out, he descended the rocky steps, and there, stretched by the very corse of Rájá Hodi, whose charger was still champing his bit under the mangoe-trees, he found the shattered remains of the luckless Koklán. Strange and wan was the proud smile which still lingered on her

lips, and full of pain and reproach the eyes which seemed to burn into his. Stooping over the dead body of the only woman whom he had ever cared for, while pangs of remorse griped his soul, the king felt what it was to have loved, and for ever to have lost. He then took her up tenderly, carried her into the palace, and laid her down. Both the bodies, his wife's and her lover's, he laid down side by side, and covered them with the same sheet. Then he considered within himself, "But if I burn them, the disgraceful secret will be known abroad. No! at midnight I will carry them both down, and throw them into the river."

Then, seeing the parrot, he said to him, "Your partner is dead and gone, so also is mine. Poor parrot and poor king! We shall now have to amuse each other."

After this the king being very weary lay down and slept, and, forgetting the two bodies, he did not wake till late in the night. It was almost dawn when he approached the river, bearing the corpses on his shoulders. Just then he caught sight of the old washerman and his wife going down with a bundle of clothes. So he stepped aside behind a rock to escape their notice, and dropped the dead into the river.

As he watched them drifting and sinking in the dark deep waters of the river, he overheard the woman

saying to her husband "It is not yet morning. To pass the time tell me a story."

"What is the use?" answered the husband. "We have to get through the world somehow. Part of our life is over, and part only remains. We have no time to waste over stories."

"But," replied she, "it is not yet daylight, so tell me something."

Then said the washerman, "Shall I tell you a true story, or some other one?"

"A true story," answered she.

So the man began,

"Hear me, O wife. Not long ago, before I married you, I had another wife. She used to say her prayers five times in the day, and I thought her a treasure. Yet, every night she absented herself from my house for at least an hour, until I began to wonder what was her motive. At last I determined to find out. The next time she went away I followed her, because, I said, 'Perhaps she goes out to her prayers, but I should like to see for myself.' I found she visited the grave of a fakir, and that she prayed to him that I might become blind. When I heard this, I could not help feeling 'Before my face she respects me, but how false she is behind my back. To-morrow I will be beforehand with her at the shrine, and she shall have an answer.'

"The next night I hid myself in the shrine, and when my wife came and prayed as usual I answered her, 'O woman, for a long time you have prayed to me, this time your prayer is answered. Go home, and feed your husband with sweet pudding in the morning, and with roast fowl in the evening, and in a week he will be blind.'

"I then got away home as fast as I could run, and when my wife returned I asked her, 'Where have you been?'

"I have been in the village giving out the clothes," answered she.

"The next morning my wife said to me, 'Husband, see, I have here some buttermilk and oil, let me wash your head.'

"I accordingly undressed. But when my wife saw my body, she cried, 'Why, husband, how thin you have become! you are all skin and bone. I must feed you up.' To this I answered 'Good.' So my wife went and made me sweet pudding, which I enjoyed. And in the evening she gave me roast fowl, which I enjoyed too.

"After three or four days I said to her, 'Wife, I don't know what has happened, my eyes are getting quite dim. Though she affected to console me I could easily perceive that she was glad. After the seventh day I said to her 'Wife, I am stone blind, I can't

see a thing.' She, hearing this, set up a hypocritical howl, and, going out, she visited this saint and that, and offered up counterfeit prayers for my recovery.

"I now took to a stick and acted the blind man to the life. But one day my wife said to herself, 'This may be all a deceit; I must put his blindness to the test.' So she said to me, 'I am going out a-visiting; if I put some barley to dry, will you take care of it?'

"'How can I?' replied I. 'Still, if you will put it on some matting within my reach so that I can feel it from time to time, I will try.'

"This then she did, and I sat by it with my stick in my hand. In a short time I saw my wife slyly creeping towards the grain, and when she got near she felt it. Lifting my stick, I gave her such a violent blow on the head that she fell almost senseless, crying out, 'Ah, you have killed me!'

"'Wife, wife,' protested I, 'how could I tell it was you? Did I not say I was blind? I thought there was a bullock or a goat here.'

"This quite convinced my wife that I must be entirely blind, and she continued to feed me as before.

"Now, the truth was that she was intriguing with another man, whom she used to visit, though at great risk, whenever she found the opportunity.

This man she now introduced from time to time into my house. One day, when he was expected, she sought a quarrel with me to get me out of the way. 'Why don't you do something?' said she; 'you are always indoors. Get out, man, and cut some wood!'

"I abused her heartily for her speech, and went out. When I returned I spied the man sitting in my chamber, and said to myself, 'Aha, my friend is here!' My wife, when she saw me, told him to get into the great mat which was lying rolled up against the wall, and he did so. Going to the cow-house, where I knew there was some rope handy, I returned, groping all the way with my stick.

"'What do you want with that rope?" said my wife.

"Without answering, I felt my way to the mat, and tying it up first at one end and then at the other, I shouldered it, and said to my wife 'This trouble which has fallen upon me is more than I can bear. I am now going as a pilgrim to Mecca, and this will serve me as a kneeling mat.'

"I then went out, but she followed me entreating me to alter my mind. 'Don't go: don't leave your poor little wife!' implored she.

"But the neighbours said, 'Let the poor man alone. What use is he to you now?' So I got away from her.

"After I had gone two or three miles, the man inside the mat began to struggle and shake.

"'Shake away,' said I, 'you will have reason to shake soon. You think I am blind, but I am not.'

"I now approached a village, and the first thing I observed was a woman baking some bread of fine flour. When the cake was ready she took it inside to the corn-bin, where her lover was hiding, and she gave it to him. Then she came out and began baking bread of coarse barley-meal. Pretending to be a fakir I went up to her and said, 'Mother, make me some wheaten bread with a little butter. She answered, 'Where am I to get wheaten flour? Do you not see how poor I am?'

"'Nay, but bake me some,' replied I.

"As we were disputing her husband came up and said, 'Don't quarrel, woman, with fakirs.'

"'I am not quarrelling,' said she, 'but this man is begging for fine bread and butter. Did *you* ever get such a luxury?'

"When the husband heard this he was angry with me, and said, 'If a barley-cake will suit you take it. But if not, begone!' Then said I, pointing to the door,

"'They who sit in corn-bins eat fine bread, but beggars mustn't be choosers.'

"'What's this about corn-bins,' cried he. 'This must be looked into.'

"So he went in to the corn-bin and there he found his wife's lover, squatting among the grain, and eating fine bread and butter. 'You are an honest man, O fakir,' he cried out to me.

"But he was in such a rage that he drew his knife and would most certainly have cut the fellow's throat if I had not caught him by the arm and checked him, and brought him out of the place.

"'Look here,' said I, opening my mat, and releasing my prisoner, 'here is another of them. Your fate is not different from mine, nor mine from other men's. Therefore do not kill, but let us both agree to make the best of a bad job, because, you see, if Rájá Rasálu in his palace, great and mighty as he is, has the same misfortune as we, and yet bears it patiently, who are we that we should complain?'"

When the washerman had ended, Rájá Rasálu who had overheard every word, came forward and said,

"I am Rájá Rasálu, the king of all this realm. Ask me for land and you shall have it, or if, you want money, take it, but tell me how knew you people that such wickedness was being done in my house?"

"And are you not aware," answered the man, "that women are by nature witches and soothsayers? They know or they find out everything, and they have been talking of the doings at Kheri-múrti for days."

Then the king took them both to the castle and gave them money, and to the husband he said, "You are a white-bearded man, old and venerable. Your years entitle you to respect. Therefore come and see me often, and let us converse together." And he sent them away.

He himself after this grew careless and morose, and he ceased to visit the field so often, his life being weary, and his heart broken, thinking of his dead wife, of her black ingratitude and of her dismal fate. Frequently the old washerman visited him and brought him in news from without, and his favourite parrot strove to console him. But his kingdom was neglected, his conquests forgotten, many of his followers deserted his service, his guards of parrots, peacocks, and minas mostly abandoned the place, and in his vast lonely fortress he lived like a recluse.

Meanwhile, there were wise women at the town of Rájá Hodi who had guessed or divined the secret of Kheri-múrti. One day the Rájá's brothers were riding past the common well when the women were drawing water for their households, and they overheard one of them saying,

"Men reckon their darling vices more than life."

"What is that you say, ?" cried one of the Princes reining up.

"I said," answered the speaker, "that a man who pursues some cherished object will sacrifice his life for it."

"But what do your words really signify?" said he.

"If the brothers of Rájá Hodi have any sense of their own," replied she, "they have no need to ask."

On hearing this, they galloped up to the palace of Rájá Hodi, and, entering the court, they cried, "Where's Rájá Hodi? Where's Rájá Hodi?"

"Ever since the day on which he left the castle to pursue the Blue Buck," answered one of the attendants, "he has been paying visits across the river in the direction of the castle of Rájá Rasálu. Some days ago, it is said, he went out as usual, but he has not yet returned, and we know not what has become of him."

When the brothers heard these tidings they assembled their vassals from all parts, and addressing them they said, "The king is a prisoner or else he has been killed in the country of Rájá Rasálu. We must rescue or avenge him. Will you stand by us when we cross the river, or will you go back to your houses?"

Then answered they all with one voice, "Let our heads be forfeited if we do not stand by you to a man."

Now the old washerman used to visit Rájá Rasálu day by day, because the king delighted in his quaint

stories and good sense. About this time he went up to the palace as usual, and received his customary welcome. Said the king to him, "What news to-day?"

The washerman answered timorously, "Among the women of the village there is a strange rumour, but it may not be true."

"Let me have it," said the king.

"I overheard them talking among themselves, and they were saying that as Rájá Rasálu had cut off the head of Rájá Hodi, so his own head would be also cut off in a few days."

When the king understood this, he was greatly put out, and rising and pacing the floor he said, "Have you really heard this?"

"Yes," answered the washerman, "the women have it so, but I know nothing about it."

"I have seen the day when I could laugh my foes to scorn," said the king; "and still I have troops, if I can only assemble them in time."

Then he summoned his warder, and bade him call out all his followers in the castle. But, when they were drawn up, there were not a dozen men left to man the walls.

"Winning or losing a battle is in the hands of God," said he to the old washerman. "But what is one to do with a handful of men like this?"

Vigorously, however, the old warrior prepared for a siege. Something of his former spirit returned upon him as he directed one of his men to gallop out into the country to order his tenants to gather their vassals and to bring in supplies for the defence of his castle at Kheri-múrti, and as he assisted with his own hands to repair the broken battlements and to close up the breaches. Hardly had he completed his task, when the hostile force appeared in sight. They were led by the brothers of Rájá Hodi, and were fully armed with every implement of war. They swam the river or crossed it on inflated skins; and like bees they swarmed up the hill, and sat down beneath the walls of Kheri-múrti. Then passed mutual defiances between the opposing leaders, and the siege began in form. But Rájá Rasálu, though re-inforced by fresh supplies of men, soon began to perceive that the struggle was a hopeless one, and that the end could not be far off. Resolving, therefore, not to be caught like a rat within his walls, but to sell his life as dearly as possible, he ordered his troops to prepare for a sally. That night he piled up faggots in the chambers of Ráni Koklaṇ, and set the palace on fire, and, when the flames leaped up into the darkness of the midnight sky, the besiegers saw them, and wondered what the unwonted beacon might portend.

The next morning he led his followers down the rocky steps, and, as he passed through the Queen's garden, he looked at the mangoe-trees, and said,

"O, flushed with fruit, or bare of bough,
Fruit may ye never form again,
Dead is Koklán, her place is void,
And flaming red the fires remain!"

Then with a rush he descended to the plains, and met his enemies hand to hand. There the battle raged with fury on both sides for several days and nights. King Rasálu fought like a lion, and many an adversary went down beneath his mighty arm, never to rise again. At last his men were forced to give way all along the line, and the king himself, wearied out with the long struggle, covered with wounds, and hemmed in by increasing numbers, was slain by an arrow nine yards long, which entered his neck. When the fight was over, his enemies smote off his head, and carried it back with them in triumph to the castle of Rájá Hodi.

And thus, according to some of the story-tellers of the Upper Panjáb, perished the hero Rájá Rasálu, having outlived the fame and glory of his great exploits.*

* Some say Rasálu never died, that he crossed over or descended into the river Indus to lands unknown, and that, like King Arthur, he will one day return again.

L'Envoy.

For evermore, within the bower's recesses,
No bulbul sits and sings melodious lore ;
No verdant April leaf the garden blesses,
For evermore ;

A monarch, robed in might and wrapt in splendour,
Reigns not for aye from sounding shore to shore ;
And love, her dear delights must all surrender,
For evermore.

SHORT HOUSEHOLD TALES.

"In Winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales!"

THE selection of tales and stories which I here present to the notice of the reader has been literally gathered on winter's nights from the lips of the peasantry of the Upper Panjáb. So far as I am aware, not one of them has appeared in print*; but in any case, whether some few of them have been published or not, there must still exist in the ensuing series a peculiarity of treatment and a freshness of incident, together with many other important points of difference, which will mark this collection as an original effort, interesting in itself, and interesting too for purposes of comparison. The story-tellers were partly Panjábis, and partly Patháns; some of them were tottering old men, and some of them youths, robust and strong. They are the tales which are the delight of the village Huzrá on winter

* This preface originally introduced those of the following stories which I recently contributed to the Journal of the Asiatic Society Bengal.

nights, when icy winds are blowing, and when the young men gather round the blazing fire to hear of the fantastic deeds of giants and fairies, and the adventures of animals and men, or when the village guest, if not too tired to sit up, alternates the recital of fictitious wonders by news from the great world, or commands the attention of auditors as simple as himself by circumstantial accounts of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents of his own by flood and fell. It was at the little village of Gházi on the river Indus, thirty miles above Aṭṭak, that many of these stories were told to the compiler, and translated to him *vivâ voce* from the Panjábí by his hospitable host and attached friend, Thomas Lambert Barlow, Esq. There, within sight and hearing of the majestic river of history and romance, in a district exclusively pastoral, close to the fabled mountain of Gandghar, in the midst of many a ruined temple and fortress of an earlier race and a former faith, on ground historical and even classical, though now so obscure and unknown, these interesting gleanings of old-world folklore were carefully gathered and stored. Exactly opposite lies a line of rocky hills overlooking the rushing waters of the river. On this spot stood an ancient city of fabulous strength and vast extent, the home of four Hindu brothers, all of them kings. Each of the low peaks of which there are

several, is crowned by a tower, a palace, or a temple, while traces of connecting walls and ruined dwellings traverse the ground on all sides to the very edge of the cliff. This city according to tradition was so vast that one of its gates was close to Húnd, an equally ancient site, which stands on the same bank about twenty miles to the south. What was the name of this once mighty capital? Possibly it may survive among the popular names of the peaks and ravines on which it was built, as Gálláh, Pihúr, Gharri dhá Lar, Parri dhá Kátthá, Gadhi dhá Kátthá, Gángariánh dhá Kassi, Bhoru dhá Kátthá. Húnd has been identified as the spot where "Sikander Bádsháh" crossed over with his conquering army of Greeks, and undoubtedly it possessed an important ferry from the very earliest ages.

A few miles to the north of Gházi where the hills begin to close in, we can almost see the collection of hamlets known as Torbelá, the inhabitants of which are addicted to the curious vice of eating clay, as people in other parts are given to the consumption of opium. Opposite Torbelá stands the warlike independent village of Kabbal. It is here, between these two rival villages not more than twelve miles from Gházi, that the Indus breaks through the gorge of the restraining peaks on either side, the last spurs of the Himálayas, forming the territory, in part in-

dependent, but partly under our dominion, which the inhabitants call Yákistán. How beautiful is the view miles and miles up the river with the descending lines of the precipitous mountains, one behind the other, receding ever more and more into blue haze, until crowned by the distant snows! As one sits in the warm winter sun, among the river boulders at Gházi, where the gold-washers are busy at work, and as one's gaze is directed northward, past the bare tawny hills into the remote distance, one thinks how all this land was once in the hands of a dynasty of Greeks, of helmed Menander, or lightning-wielding Antialkidas, whose coins attest the excellency of the arts in these remote places when under their accomplished sway, but of whose influence every living trace seems to have disappeared, unless, in the classical designs of the village basket-work, or in the graceful devices in red and green on the country nambdás of felt, one may be permitted to detect a remnant, however slight, of Grecian taste and western refinement. Passing on to a succeeding era, one remembers the local tradition of king Rasálu, who, from those very heights to the left, hurled at his rival on the eastern bank a mighty defiance in the shape of a huge mass of greenstone weighing a maund and a half. Five kos it hurtled through the air, and it still reposes on the spot where it fell. Close to that spot, at the

base of the brown rocky slopes flows the tributary Sirin, famous for the royal fish, Máhásír, and far above it tower the remoter hills of Thánnaul, the district of Nawáb Akram Khán, whose summer house gleams from a distant peak. It is, as yet, that craggy region, a land of mystery and wonder, abounding in footsteps of the "speechless past," as the "*Haldí Dilli*," or, great Rocking Stone, of which the people tell, and which, though of towering size, can be moved, say they, by a touch of a single finger.

It should be understood that these tales comprise a few only of the stories, long and short, which for six years I have been collecting in the Peshawar District. The full collection will probably be issued at an early date, with an introduction by Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, F. S. A., the Editor of the *Folklore Journal* (London).

STORY I.

THE WEAVER AND THE PROPHECY.

A VILLAGE weaver went out to cut firewood. Climbing a tree he stood upon one of the branches, which he began to hew off close to the trunk. "My friend," said a traveller passing below, "you are standing on the very limb which you are cutting off; In a few minutes you and it will both fall to the ground." The weaver unconcernedly continued his task and soon both the branch and himself fell to the foot of the tree as the traveller had foretold. Limping after him the weaver cried, "Sir, you are God, you are God, Sir, you are God—what you prophesied has come to pass." "Tut, man, tut," answered the traveller, "I am not God." "Nay, but

you are," replied the weaver, "and now, pray, O pray, tell me when I am to die?" To be rid of his importunity, the traveller answered, "You will die on the day on which your mouth bleeds," and he pursued his way.

Some days had elapsed when the weaver happened to be making some scarlet cloth, and as he had frequently to separate the threads with his mouth, a piece of the coloured fibre by chance stuck in one of his front teeth. Catching sight of this in a glass, and instantly concluding that it was blood, and that his last hour was at hand, he entered his hut, and said, "Wife, wife, I'm sick; in a few moments I shall be dead; let me lie down, and go, dig my grave!" So he lay down on his bed, and turning his face to the wall, closed his eyes, and began deliberately to die. And indeed, such is the power of the imagination among these people, that he would have died without doubt, if a customer had not called for his clothes. He, seeing the man's condition and hearing of the prophecy, asked to examine his mouth. "Ah," said he, "what an idiot are you? Call you this blood?" and taking out the thread he held it before the weaver's eyes. The weaver, as a man reprieved from death, was overjoyed, and springing to his feet he resumed his work, having been rescued, as he imagined, from the very brink of the grave.

STORY II.

THE THREE WEAVERS.

THERE were three weavers, all brothers, who lived in the same village. One day the eldest said to the others "I am going to buy a milch buffalo." So he went to a farmer, paid for the buffalo, and took it home.

The second brother was quite touched by the sight of it. He viewed its head, its horns, and its teats, and then said, "O brother, allow me to be a partner in this beautiful buffalo?" Said the elder, "I have paid for this beautiful buffalo twenty-two rupees. If you wish to be a partner in her, you had better go to the farmer, and pay him twenty-two rupees too, and then we shall have equal shares in her."

Shortly after the third brother came in and said, "O brother, you have allowed our brother to be a partner with you in this buffalo, won't you let me take a share too?" "Willingly," answered the other, "but first you must go to the farmer and pay him twenty-two rupees as we have done." So the third brother did so, while the farmer chuckled, saying, "This is a fine thing getting all this money for my skinny old buffalo!"

The three brothers now agreed that each one of them should have a day's milk from the buffalo in turn, and that each should bring his own pot. The

two elder brothers had their turns, but when the third day came, the youngest said, "Alas! what shall I do? I have no pot in my house!" In this perplexity the eldest remarked, "this is a most difficult business, because you see if you milk the buffalo without a pot, the milk will be spilt. You had better milk her into your mouth." His ingenious solution of the problem was at once adopted, and the youngest brother milked the buffalo into his mouth. Going home he was met by his wife who asked, "Well, where is the milk?" Her husband answered, "I had no pot, so I had to milk the buffalo into my mouth." "O you did, did you," cried she, "and so your wife counts as no one? I am to have no milk? If I am not to have my share, in this house I refuse to remain." And she went off in anger to the house of her mother.

Then the three brothers went together to the headman of the village, and complained, begging him to order the woman to return to her husband. So the headman summoned her and said, "O woman, you may have your share of the milk too, just the same as your husband. Let him visit the buffalo in the morning and drink the milk, and do you visit her in the evening." Said she, "But why could not my husband have said so? Now it is all right, and besides I shall be saved all the trouble of setting the milk for butter!"

STORY III.

THE WEAVER AND THE WATER-MELON.

ONCE upon a time a poor country weaver visited a town, where he saw a quantity of water-melons piled up one above the other in front of a baniá's shop "Eggs of other birds there are," he said, "and I have seen them: but what bird's eggs are these eggs? These must be mare's eggs!" So he asked the baniá, "Are these eggs mare's eggs?" The baniá instantly cocked his ears, and perceiving that he was a simpleton, answered, "Yes, these bird's eggs are mare's eggs." "What is the price?" "One hundred rupees a-piece," said the bania. The simple weaver took out his bag of money and counting out the price, bought one of the melons and carried it off. As he went along the road, he began to say to himself, "When I get home I will put this egg in a warm corner of my house, and by-and-bye a foal will be born, and when the foal is big enough, I shall mount it and ride it to the house of my father-in-law. Won't he be astonished!" As the day was unusually hot he stopped at a pool of water to bathe. But first of all he deposited the melon most carefully in the middle of a low bush, and then he proceeded to undress himself. His garments were not half laid aside,

when out from the bush sprang a hare, and the weaver, snatching up part of his clothing while the rest hung about his legs in disorder, made desperate efforts to chase and overtake the hare, crying out, "Ah there goes the foal, wo, old boy, wo, wo!" But he ran in vain, for the hare easily escaped, and was soon out of sight.

The poor weaver reconciled himself to his loss as best he could, "Kismet!" cried he: "And as for the egg, it is of course of no use now and not worth returning for, since the foal has left it." So he made his way home and said to his wife, "O wife, I have had a great loss this day!" "Why," said she, "what have you done?" "I paid one hundred rupees for a mare's egg, but while I stopped on the road to bathe, the foal jumped out and ran away." His wife replied, "Ah, what a pity! if you had only brought the foal here, I would have got on his back and ridden him to my father's house!" Hearing this, the weaver fell into a rage, and, pulling a stick out of his loom began to belabour his wife, crying, "What, you would break the back of a young foal? Ah! you slut, let me break yours."

After this he went out, and began to lament his loss to his friends and neighbours, warning them all, "If any of you should see a stray foal, don't forget to let me know." To the village herdsmen

especially he related his wonderful story, how the foal came out of the egg, and ran away, and would perhaps be found grazing on the common lands somewhere. One or two of the farmers, however, to whom the tale was repeated, said, "What is this nonsense? Mares never have eggs. Where did you put this egg of yours?" "I put my egg in a bush," said the weaver, "near the tank on the way to the town." The farmers said, "Come and show us!" "All right," assented the weaver, "come along." When they arrived at the spot the melon was found untouched in the middle of the bush. "Here it is," cried the weaver, "here's my mare's egg. This is the thing out of which my foal jumped." The farmers turned the melon over and over, and said, "But what part of this egg did the foal jump out of?" So the weaver took the melon and began to examine it. "Out of this," cried one of the farmers, snatching back the melon, "no foal ever jumped. You are a simpleton and you have been cheated. We'll show you what the foals are." So he smashed the melon on a stone, and giving the seeds to the weaver, said, "Here are foals enough for you," while the farmers themselves, amid much laughter, sat down and ate up the fruit.

STORY IV.

THE WEAVER-GIRL.

A CERTAIN quarter of a village was inhabited only by weavers. One day a fine young weaver-girl was sweeping out the house, and, as she swept she said to herself, "My father and mother and all my relations belong to this village. It would be a good thing if I married in this village and settled here too, so that we should always be together." "But," continued she, "if I did marry here, and had a son, and if my son were to sicken and die, oh! how my aunts, my sisters, and my friends would come, and how they would all bewail him!" Thinking of this she laid her broom against the wall and began to cry. In came her aunts and her friends, and seeing her in such distress, they all began to cry too. Then came her father and her uncles and her brothers, and they also began to cry most bitterly, but not one of them had the wit to say, "What is the matter? For whom is this wailing?" At last, when the noise and the weeping had continued for some time, a neighbour said, "What bad news have you had? Who is dead here?" One of the howling uncles answered "I don't know; these women know; ask one of them!" At this point, the headman arrived at the spot, and cried,

"Stop, stop this hubbub, good people, and let us find out what is the matter." Addressing himself to an old woman, he said, "What is all this disturbance in the village for?" "I don't know," answered she, "when I came here, I found this weaver-girl crying about something." Then the weaver-girl on being questioned, said, "I was weeping because I could not help thinking that if I married in this village and had a son, and if my son were to sicken and die, all my aunts, my sisters, and my friends would come round me and bewail him. The thought of this made me cry." On hearing her answer, the head man and his followers began to laugh, and the crowd dispersed.

STORY V.

THE TWO WEAVERS AND THE GRASSHOPPERS.

TWO weavers took guns and went out for a day's sport. As they passed through the fields, one of them espied an immense grasshopper sitting on a madár plant, which, as they approached, flew on to the shoulder of his companion. "See, see, there he is!" cried he, and, levelling his piece, he shot his friend through the heart.

STORY VI.

THE OLD WEAVER AND THE CAMEL'S FOOT-PRINTS.

ONE night a camel trespassing in a weaver's field left there the marks of his feet. In the morning the owner brought to the spot the oldest weaver in the village, expecting that he would be able to explain what manner of animal had trodden down his corn. The old man on seeing the foot-prints both laughed and cried. Said the people "O father, you both laugh and cry. What does this mean?" "I cry," said he, "because I think to myself, 'What will these poor children do for some one to explain these things to them when I am dead,' and I laugh, because, as for these foot-prints, I know not what they are!"

STORY VII.

GRÍBA, THE WEAVER.

AT the village of Bhuran lived an old weaver named Gríba, who, for a wonder, was shrewd enough. It happened that Habíb Khán, the lambardár, laid a tax on the weavers' houses at the rate of two rupees

for every door-way. When Gríba heard of this, he tore down his door, and laying it on his shoulders carried it off to the Khan's. "Here, Khan," said he with a profound salaam, "I have heard you want door-ways, so I have brought you mine. I also hear you want the side-walls, and I am now going to fetch them too." Hearing this, the Khán laughed and said, "O Gríba, the weaver, take back your door, your tax is paid."

STORY VIII.

THE SILVERSMITH AND HIS MOTHER'S BANGLE.

SILVERSMITHS as a class bear a bad reputation for mixing up an undue quantity of alloy in the silver of their customers. There was once a silversmith, who, in a moment of disinterestedness, promised his mother that he would give her a bangle which should contain nothing but pure silver. "You are my mother," said he, "and I as your son who owe you so much cannot do less." So he cast a bangle for his mother out of unmixed silver, and when it was finished, he stored it up for her and went to bed. But he was quite unable to get a wink of sleep. He turned from side to side, and moaned and fretted

in torment, frequently exclaiming, "Ah, that wretched bangle! What a simpleton was I to make a bangle without alloy!" At last he could stand it no longer, so he got up, lighted his lamp, and did not rest until, having melted down the silver once more, he had re-cast it with a considerable admixture of base metal. Then with a conscience purged of offence he returned to his deserted couch, and in an instant he was asleep, while a fat smile of pleasure and contentment betokened the satisfaction of his mind.

STORY IX.

THE PATHÁN AND THE PLUMS.*

THERE is a certain small black plum grown in the Hazará District, called the Ámlok, which, when dried, looks like a species of black beetle. One day a Pathán stopped in a bazár and bought some of them, laying them in a corner of his lúnghí. As he went along he took out a handful in which there chanced to be one of these beetles alive, and the little creature feeling the pressure of the man's hand began buzzing and squealing. But the Pathán determined to be deprived of no portion of his money's worth, said,

* This tale and "The Pathán and the Ass" ridicule two of the principal characteristics of the Pathán according to popular estimation.

"Friend, you may buzz, or, friend, you may squeal, but in the measure you came, and in the measure you'll go." Saying which, he clapt the whole handful, plums and beetle together, into his mouth, and devoured them.

STORY X.

THE PATHÁN AND THE ASS.

A PATHÁN was one day sitting in a ferry-boat which was moored to the bank of the Indus. His tulwár or sword lay by his side. Presently down came a countryman driving a donkey and requesting to be ferried across the river. The donkey, however, having come to the boat refused to enter, utterly regardless of entreaties, threats, and blows. Suddenly the Pathán sprang from his seat, seized his tulwár, and at a blow smote off the donkey's head. "To a Pathán," cried he, "this stubborn pride is permissible; but to a jackass—never!"

The people of Baneyr, though noted for their bravery, are considered by their neighbours as the most stupid of mankind, not even excepting weavers. This fact is illustrated by the following anecdotes:—

STORY XI.

THE BANÉYR MAN AND THE MILL.

A BANÉYRI came down to the Indus where he saw a water-mill at work. Said he to himself, "People say that God is known by His wonderful ways. Now here is a wonderful thing with wonderful ways, though it has neither hands nor feet. It must be God." So he went forward and kissed the walls, but he merely cut his face with the sharp stones.

STORY XII.

THE TWO SIMPLE BANÉYRIS.

ONE Banéyri asked another, "If the Indus were set on fire where would the fishes go?" "They would get on the trees," said the other. Then said the first, "Are fishes like buffaloes to climb up trees?" *

* This tale was not a mere invention of the story-teller. It is frequently told in ridicule of the dense stupidity of the Banéyris.

STORY XIII.

THE WIDOW OF BANÉR.

THERE was a widow of Banér who had two sons. They had cut the harvest of their little ancestral field, and their two bullocks were treading out the grain, when suddenly the sky became overcast, and a storm of rain swept by. The poor silly woman instantly caught a certain familiar insect, a friend to man, and, running a needle and thread through it, hung it up to a neighbouring bér tree, as a charm to drive away the unwelcome shower. At the same time she addressed God in the following words: "O God, my boys are but children, and in this thing are innocent. But thou art a white-bearded man. Didst thou not see that this rain was not wanted for thrashing out my wheat?"

STORY XIV.

THE BANÉYR MAN AND THE BOAT.

A COUNTRYMAN who had spent the whole of his life in the fastnesses of Banéyr, and had never seen the Indus, determined to perform a journey. Descending to the Yusafzai plains he made his way

to Attak, and when he saw one of the large eight-oared ferry boats crossing with the flood to the opposite bank of the river, he cried to the by-standers—"What long legs that creature must have!"

STORY XV.

THE BANÉYRI AND HIS DROWNED WIFE.

THERE was once a sudden flood in the Indus which washed away numbers of people, and among others, the wife of a certain Banéyri. The distracted husband was wandering along the banks of the river looking for the dead body, when a countryman accosted him thus, "O friend, if, as I am informed, your wife has been carried away in the flood; she must have floated down the stream with the rest of the poor creatures. Yet, you are going up the stream." "Ah sir," answered the wretched Banéyri, "you did not know that wife of mine. She always took an opposite course to every-one else. And even now that she is drowned, I know full well that if other bodies have floated down the river, hers must have floated up!"

STORY XVI.

THE BANÉYRI AND HIS POOR KINSMAN.

A POOR man of Banéyri, unable to support himself in his native mountains, set out for Hindustán to seek his fortune, and there rose to the rank of Nawáb. One of his poor relations, hearing of his good fortune, determined to visit him. So he went to the bazár, and, with a few annas bought one pound of sugar as a neighbourly present for his former acquaintance. After a long journey he arrived at the palace, and found the Nawáb in the midst of his fine friends. But though he winked and nodded and beckoned to him to step aside for a friendly greeting, and to receive his pound of sugar, his efforts to engage the great man's attention were quite unsuccessful. At last, perceiving that his unwelcome visitor was about to open his mouth, the Nawáb said to one of his attendants, "Conduct this poor stranger to my store-room where my bags of sugar are laid up, and there let him sit down and eat his fill." Then he caused a letter to be written to his native village, sternly forbidding any more of his poor ill-clad kinsmen to trouble him with their objectionable presence.

STORY XVII.

THE PHILOSOPHIC BANÉYRI.

A BANÉYRI said to his wife one night, "Man is but a bird without wings!"

"How is that?" asked the woman.

"Do you not see? answered he, "yesterday you were squatting on this side of the oven, and I was crouching on the other. And this is the state of man; one day perched here, another day perched there, always on the hop, never abiding in the one place. Truly, man is only a bird without wings!"

STORY XVIII.

THE BANÉYRI AND HIS MOTHER.

ONE of these eccentric Banéyris went out coursing on the hills, and he took his mother with him to assist him in the sport. The woman had charge of the hound, but instead of simply holding the short leash in her hand, she tied it in a fast knot round her wrist. When the game was put up the dog made a sudden bound, by reason of which the unfortunate woman was jerked forward over the animal's head,

and, as she came into violent contact with a sharp rock, she was unluckily killed. The dutiful son, with mingled feelings of admiration and sorrow, carried his mother home and buried her, and never afterwards did he cease to honour her, saying to his friends, "My poor mother was such an excellent courser that she outstripped the very dogs, and left them miles behind."

STORY XIX.

THE MAN AND THE BEAR.

ONE day, when the river was in flood, a certain dark object was seen floating down the stream. Thereupon a poor man, mistaking it for a log of wood, plunged into the water, and swimming with vigorous strokes seized it with both his hands. When too late he discovered that he was clasped in the shaggy embrace of a bear. "Ho!" cried his friends from the shore when they saw him drifting, "let the log go! let the log go!" "Just what I am trying to do," answered the unhappy man, "but the log won't let *me* go!"*

* Logs of deodár are frequently floated down the Indus from the Himálayas. During floods many of these logs are washed away from the "timber-yards" far up in the mountains. For every log recovered the villagers along the banks receive a reward of four annas from the owners. Each log bears its owner's mark.

STORY XX.

THE MISER AND THE GRAIN OF WHEAT.

A GREAT miser was once sitting on a precipice and dangling his feet over the edge. Hunger having become insupportable, he took out his small bag of parched grain, and began to toss the food, grain by grain, into his mouth. All at once a single grain missed its destination and fell to the bottom of the ravine. "Ah! what a loss" cried he. "But even a grain of wheat is of value and only a simpleton would lose it." Whereupon he incontinently leaped down from the rock, and broke both his legs.

STORY XXI.

THE MISER AND THE PICE.

A MISER once found his way into the bazár to buy bread. The weather was unusually warm, and as he trudged along, the perspiration gathered round the coin, which was closely clutched in his hand. Arresting his steps, he gazed at the moist piece with a fond eye and said, "I won't spend you—weep not, dear Friend—we shall not separate after all—I will starve first!" So he restored the money to his bag, and begged for scraps from door to door.

STORY XXII.

THE TWO MISERS.

ONCE upon a time two misers hobnobbed together to eat their food. One of them had a small vessel of ghee into which he sparingly and grudgingly dipped his morsels of bread. The other miser, observing this, protested vehemently against such wasteful extravagance. "Why waste so much ghee?" said he; "and why do you risk the waste of so much more seeing that your bread might slip from your fingers, and become totally immersed? Think better of it, and imitate me. I take my vessel of ghee, and hang it just out of reach to a nail in the wall. Then I point at the ghee my scraps of bread, one by one as I eat, and I assure you I not only enjoy my ghee just as well, but I make no waste."*

* This anecdote is an instance of the truth of the saying of Solomon—"There is no new thing under the sun." Many readers will be reminded of the Irish dish "Potatoes and point," consisting of a large supply of potatoes and of a very limited supply of meat, bacon, or even fish. The potatoes are eaten, but the more solid fare is merely pointed at. The following passage from Carlyle's "Count Cagliostro" refers to this singular custom—"And so the catastrophe ends by bathing our poor half-dead Recipiendary first in blood, then, after some genuflexions, in water; and 'serving him a repast composed of roots,'—we grieve to say, mere *potatoes—and—point!*"

STORY XXIII.

THE ELEPHANT AND HIS KEEPER.*

THERE was an elephant which was accustomed to suffer most cruel treatment at the hands of his keeper, and the keeper, knowing the sagacity of these animals, and being in fear of his life, used to sleep some little distance from the tree to which the elephant was tied. One night the elephant, taking up a long, loose branch, chewed the end of it in order to separate the fibres, and, having twisted them in the long hair of the sleeping man, he dragged him within reach and trampled him to death.

STORY XXIV.

THE GARDENER'S WIFE, THE POTTER'S WIFE, AND THE CAMEL.

A GARDENER'S wife and a potter's wife once hired a camel to carry their goods to market. One side of the beast was well laden with vegetables, and the other with pottery. As they went along the road, the camel kept stretching back his long neck to pilfer the vegetables. Upon observing this, the potter's

* This anecdote, told by a Panjábí, probably belongs to Hindústán.

wife began laughing, and jested her friend on her ill-luck. "Sister," said she, "at the end of the journey there will not be a single vegetable left— you'll have nothing whatever to sell!" "It is true you are luckier than I am," answered the gardener's wife, "but remember the first to win are the last to lose!" When they arrived at the market-place, the camel-man ordered his animal to kneel down, but the weight on one side was so much greater, by this time, than the weight on the other, that the camel gave a lurch as he got on his foreknees, and crushed the pottery between himself and the earth, so that most of it was smashed, and what was not smashed was cracked. So it ended that the gardener's wife had something at least to sell, but the potter's wife had nothing.

STORY XXV.

THE MULE AND THE TRAVELLER.

A CERTAIN mule, having a great opinion of himself, began braying pretentiously, so that every one stopped to say "Who is that?" A traveller, passing by at that moment, said to him, "O Sir, pray tell me what was the name of your mother?" "My mother's name was Mare," answered the mule proudly. "And what was your father's name?" continued the traveller.

"Be off!" said the mule, "be off! None of your jesting with *me*. You are impertinent!"

STORY XXVI.

THE BLACK BEE AND THE BLACK BEETLE.

A VILLAGER once reared a black bee and a black beetle together, imagining them to be brothers. In looks they were not unlike, and the "boom" which they uttered seemed precisely the same. One day he set them flying. The bee lighted on a rose, while the beetle settled on a dunghill. "Ah," said the village seer, "these creatures are like ourselves, and it is only by observation that we can say who is worthy of friendship and who is not."

STORY XXVII.

THE TIGER AND THE CAT.

TIGERS at first were ignorant, until the king of the tigers once came to the cat and begged him for lessons. The cat consenting, taught the tiger to watch, to crouch, to spring, and all the other accomplishments so familiar to the race. At last, when he thought he had learnt everything the cat had to impart, the tiger

made a spring at his teacher, intending to tear him and eat him. Instantly the cat ran nimbly up a tree whither the tiger was unable to follow. "Come down!" cried the tiger, "come down, instantly!" "No, no!" replied the cat. "How fortunate for me that I did not teach you more! Otherwise you would have been able to pursue me even here."

STORY XXVIII.

THE TIGER AND THE HARE.

IN a certain forest there once lived a fierce tiger which was in the habit of hunting down the rest of the animals for mere sport, whether hunger impelled him thereto or not. All the animals therefore met together by common consent to consider their grievances. "Let us agree," said the jackal, "that one of us shall be chosen by lot day by day to devote himself to the tiger." "All right," assented the others; "but first let us see the tiger, and let us offer him a petition."

So they all marched together to the tiger's den, and humbly besought him to cease from indiscriminate slaughter, and to be satisfied with the animal which should voluntarily come to him every day. "Do not hunt us down," said they, "for one of us will always

come to be devoured by you, and this plan will save you trouble as well." "No, no!" said the tiger, "I shall use my claws and my teeth and so eat my food." "But," said the animals, "God has said that we ought to live in hope." "True," answered the tiger, "but He has also bidden every one to earn his own bread."

At last, after much argument, the tiger suffered himself to be persuaded, and made a solemn promise to remain at home in his den. Every day an animal, which was chosen by lot, went to the den to be eaten. But when the hare's turn came, she flatly said, "I shall not go. I shall live my life." In vain the other animals tried to persuade or to coerce her. Twelve o'clock, the tiger's usual feeding time, came and went, then came one, two, and three. At last the hare suddenly started up, and exclaiming "Now I'm off!" she set out for the den. As she approached, she saw the famished tiger tearing up the earth in fury, and heard him bellowing,—"Who is this ridiculous little hare, to dare to keep me waiting?" "But I have an excuse," protested the hare. "What excuse?" demanded the tiger. "To-day," said the hare, "it was not my turn to come but my brother's. I am thin, but my brother is plump and fat. My brother had started for your den, but on the way he fell in with another tiger which wanted to eat him, and in fact he caught him and was carrying

him off, when I came up and said to him, 'This country is not yours but another tiger's,' to which the strange tiger answered, 'Go you at once and call that tiger out, and then he and I will have a fight.' So here I am, sir, sent to deliver the challenge. Come and kill the villain for us!"

Full of rage and jealousy the tiger said to the hare, "Lead on," and the pair started forth to seek the rival tiger. As they went along, the hare suddenly began to look alarmed, and to shrink back and made as though she would have hidden herself in a bush. "What is the matter?" asked the tiger. "Why are you returning?" "I am afraid," answered she, "because the other tiger's den is just in front of us." "Where, where?" said the tiger, peering forward with searching eyes. "I see no den." "It is there," replied the hare, "don't you see it now?" "I see no den whatever," said the tiger. "Is there no way to persuade you to come forward and show me the place?" "Yes," said the hare, "if you will please carry me under your arm."

So the tiger lifted the hare under his arm, and, guided by her directions, he unexpectedly found himself close to a large well. "This is the den of the other tiger," whispered the hare. "Look in and you will see him." Going to the brink and looking down, the tiger saw at the bottom the reflection of himself

and of the hare, and imagining that he was looking at his enemy in possession of the fat brother, he dropped the nimble hare which easily escaped, and with a roar he leaped in the water, where, after struggling for many hours, he finally expired, and thus the forest was happily rid of a tyrant.

STORY XXIX.

THE DOG AND THE COCK.

ONCE upon a time a dog and a cock were sworn friends. But a famine fell on the land, and the dog said to the cock, "There is no food for me here, so I am going away to another country. I tell you this that you may not blame me, and say, 'This dog was my friend, but he left me without a word!'" The cock answered, "O dog, we are both friends. If you go, I go. Let us go together, and as you are a dog you can forage for us both, since, if I expose myself, the village dogs will set on me and eat me up." "Agreed," said the dog, "when I go for food, you shall hide in the jungle, and whatever I find I will fetch to you, and we'll share and share alike." So the two friends set out. After a time they began to approach a village, and the dog said, "Now I am going forward for food, but do you remain here,

Only, first of all, if anything should happen to you when I am away, how shall I know it?" Said the cock, "Whenever you hear me crow several times, then hasten back to me." So for some time they lived happily, the dog bringing in supplies every day, while at night he slept beneath the tree on which the cock sat safely at roost.

One day, in the absence of the dog, a jackal came to the tree and looking up, said, "O uncle, why pray, are you perched so high? Come down and let us say our prayers together!" "Most willingly," answered the cock, "but first let me cry the bhàngh* for all good Musalmans to come and join us." So the cock crew most lustily three or four times, until the dog in the village heard him, and said, "Ah! something is about to happen to my friend—I must get back." He at once started for the jungle, but the jackal, when he perceived his approach, began to sneak off. Then cried the cock, "O good nephew, don't go away, stop at any rate for prayers. See, here's a pious neighbour coming to join us!" "Alas! friend, I would stop with pleasure," replied the jackal, "but it just occurs to my mind that I quite forgot to perform my ablutions. Farewell!" And quickening his pace, he disappeared.

* The Musalman cry to prayers is called the BHÀNGH. So also is the crow of a cock.

STORY XXX.

THE JACKAL AND THE VOICE OF FAME.

A JACKAL prowling round a village one evening was spied by some of the village dogs which instantly gave the alarm. At the same time some wayfarers began to point at him and cry, "See, there he goes! there he goes!" "This always strikes me as a most remarkable thing," said the jackal, as he cleared off; "I haven't a single acquaintance out of my own set in the world, and yet, wherever I go, everyone seems to know me! How inconvenient is fame!"

STORY XXXI.

THE PAINTED JACKAL.

A PROWLING jackal once fell into a large vessel full of dye. When he returned home, all his astonished friends said, "What has befallen you?" He answered with a curl of his tail, "Was there ever anything in the world so fine as I am? Look at me! Let no one ever presume to call me 'jackal' again." "What then are you to be called?" asked they. "'Peacock',

you will henceforth call me 'peacock'," replied the jackal, strutting up and down in all the glory of sky-blue. "But," said his friends, "a peacock can spread his tail magnificently. Can you spread your tail?" "Well, no I cannot quite do that," replied the jackal. "And a peacock," continued they, "can make a fine melodious cry. Can you make a fine melodious cry?" "It must be admitted," said the pretender, "that I cannot do that either."

"Then," retorted they, "it is quite evident that if you are not a jackal, neither are you a peacock." And they drove him out of their company.

STORY XXXII.

THE JACKAL AND THE EWE-SHEEP.

ONCE upon a time a certain jackal made a dash at a ewe-sheep, hoping to catch her. The sheep rushed into a half-dry tank where she stuck in the mud. The jackal attempting to follow her stuck in the mud too. Then said the jackal, "O aunt, this is a bad business!" "O nephew," answered she, "it is by no means so bad as it will be soon, when my master appears.

On his shoulder he will carry a-sángal (forked-stick), and behind him will follow his two dogs, Dabbú and Bholú. One blow with his stick will hit you in two places, and his dogs will drag you out by the haunches. Then, dear nephew, you will know this business is not so bad now as it will be then!"

STORY XXXIII.

THE JACKAL AND THE FLEAS.

THERE was once a jackal so infested with fleas that life was a burden to him. Determined to be rid of them, he sought for a pool of water, and snatching up a small piece of dry wood in his mouth he began to enter the water with "measured steps and slow." Gradually, as he advanced, the astonished fleas rushed up his legs, and took refuge on his back. The rising water again drove them in multitudes from his back to his head, and from his head to his nose, whence they escaped on to the piece of wood, which became perfectly black with them. When the sly jackal perceived the situation of his foes, he suddenly bobbed his head into the water, relinquished the wood, and, with a chuckle swam back to the shore, leaving the fleas to their fate.

STORY XXXIV.

THE FALSE WITNESS.

A CARAVAN of merchants came and pitched for the night at a certain spot on the way down to Hindústán. In the morning it was found that the back of one of the camels was so sore that it was considered expedient not to load him again, but to turn him loose into the wilderness. So they left him behind. The camel, after grazing about the whole day, became exceedingly thirsty, and meeting a jackal, he said to him, "Uncle, uncle, I am very thirsty! Can you show me some water?" "I can show you water," said the jackal, "but if I do, you must agree to give me a good feed of meat from your sore back." "I do agree," said the camel, "but first show me the water." So he followed his small friend, until they came to a running stream, where he drank such quantities of water that the jackal thought he would never stop. He then with some politeness invited the jackal to his repast. "Come, uncle, you can now have your supper off my back." "Nay," said the jackal, "our agreement was that I should feed not off your back, but off your tongue,* dear nephew. This you distinctly promised, if I would take you to water." "Very well,"

* "Sore back" in Panjábí being *chigh*, and "tongue" *jíb*, there was sufficient similarity of sound to suggest prevarication.

replied the camel, "produce a witness to prove your words, and you can have it so." "A witness I have, and will bring him presently," replied the jackal. So he went to the wolf, and stating the case, persuaded him to witness falsely. "You see, wolf, if I eat the tongue the camel will certainly die, and then we shall both have a grand feed, to which we can invite all our friends." The two returned to the camel, and the jackal appealing to the wolf, asked, "Did not I engage to show the camel to water on condition that he would give me his tongue?" "Of course, you did," said the wolf confidently, "and the camel agreed." "Be it so;" said the camel, "as you both delight in lies and have no conscience, come and eat some of my tongue," and he lowered his head within reach of the jackal. But the latter said to the wolf, "Friend, you see what a diminutive animal I am. I am too weak to drag out that enormous tongue. Do you seize it and hold it for me." Then the wolf ventured his head into the camel's mouth to pull forward the tongue, but the camel instantly closed his powerful jaws, and crushing the skull of his enemy, he shook him to death. Meanwhile, the jackal danced and skipped with glee, crying out, "Behold the fate of the false witness! behold the fate of the false witness!"*

* This story is intended as a satire on the practice which prevails so widely among the natives of all parts of India of getting up false cases and procuring false witness in courts of law.

STORY XXXV.

THE FOUR ASSOCIATES.

ONCE upon a time a crow, a jackal, a hyena, and a camel swore a friendship, and agreed to seek their food in common. Said the camel to the crow, "Friend, you can fly. Go forth and reconnoitre the country for us." So the crow flew away from tree to tree until he came to a fine field of musk-melons, and then he returned and reported the fact to his companions. "You," said he to the camel, "can eat the leaves, but the fruit must be the share of the jackal, the hyena, and myself." When it was night all four visited the field, and began to make a hearty supper. Suddenly the owner woke up and rushed to the rescue. The crow, the jackal, and the hyena easily escaped, but the camel was caught and driven out with cruel blows. Overtaking his comrades, he said, "Pretty partners you are, to leave your friend in the lurch!" Said the jackal, "We were surprised, but cheer up, to-night we'll stand by you, and won't allow you to be thrashed again."

The next day the owner, as a precaution, covered his field with nets and nooses.

At midnight, the four friends returned again, and began devouring as before. The crow, the jackal

and the hyena soon had eaten their fill, but not so the camel, who had hardly satisfied the cravings of hunger, when the jackal suddenly remarked, "Camel, I feel a strong inclination to bark." "For Heaven's sake, don't," said the camel, "you'll bring up the owner, and then, while you all escape, I shall be thrashed again." "Bark I must," replied the jackal, who set up a dismal yell. Out from his hut ran the owner, but it happened that while the camel, the crow, and the jackal succeeded in getting away, the stupid hyena was caught in a net. "Friends! friends!" cried he, "are you going to abandon me? I shall be killed!" "Obey my directions," said the crow, "and all will be right." "What shall I do?" asked the hyena. "Lie down and pretend to be dead," said the crow, "and the owner will merely throw you out, after which you can run away." He had hardly spoken when the owner came to the spot, and seeing what he believed to be a dead hyena, he seized him by the hind legs and threw him out of the field, when at once the delighted hyena sprang to his feet and trotted away. "Ah!" said the man, "this rascal was not dead after all."

When the four associates met again, the camel said to the jackal, "Your barking, friend, might have got me another beating. Never mind, all's well that ends well; to-day yours, to-morrow mine."

Some time afterwards the camel said, "Jackal I'm going out for a walk. If you will get on my back I will give you a ride, and you can see the world." The jackal agreed, and stooping down, the camel allowed him to mount on his back. As they were going along they came to a village, whereupon all the dogs rushed out and began barking furiously at the jackal whom they eyed on the camel's back. Then said the camel to the jackal, "Jackal, I feel a strong inclination to roll." "For Heaven's sake, don't," pleaded the jackal, "I shall be worried." "Roll I must," replied the camel, and he rolled, while the village dogs fell on the jackal before he could escape, and tore him to pieces. Then the camel returned and reported the traitor's death to his friends, who mightily approved the deed.

STORY XXXVI.

THE CROW AND ITS YOUNG.

AN old mother-crow was once engaged in giving sound advice to her newly-fledged young ones. "Remember," said she, "your principal enemy will be man. Whenever you detect a man in the act of even stooping towards the ground as if for a stone,

at once take wing and fly." "Very good," answered one of her precocious youngsters, "but what if the man happens to have a stone already in his hand? Can you advise us as to how we shall proceed then?"

STORY XXXVII.

THE FROG AND THE FARRIER.

A FARRIER was once engaged in shoeing a fine Arab horse at the door of his smithy. Just then a frog came hopping up, and, thrusting out one of his feet with a consequential air, he cried, "Ho, farrier! Shoe me, too! shoe me, too!"

STORY XXXVIII.

THE FROG AND THE BUFFALO.

ONE day, after rain, a frog was sitting in the deep foot-print of a bullock by the road-side, when a buffalo approached. To him the frog cried out with a look of disdain, "O you great-bellied, long-titted, beast, here's a houri sitting in the way. Take care where you tread!"

"Pooh, pooh!" answered the buffalo, "how could you expect me to see a little snub-nosed urchin like you, squatting in that bit of a hole?"

STORY XXXIX.

THE FROG AND KASHMIR.

A CERTAIN frog, after several ineffectual attempts, managed to climb to the top of a clod of earth close to the puddle in which he was spawned. "Ah!" cried he, casting one eye at some cattle which were grazing near, "what a grand sight have I! I see Kashmir! I see Kashmir!"

STORY XL.

THE CAMEL AND THE RAT.

A CERTAIN camel, having strayed from his owner, was walking in unfrequented ways with his nose-string trailing upon the ground. As he went slowly along, a rat picked up the end of the string in his mouth, and trotted on in front of the huge animal, thinking all the time to himself, "What strength I must have to be leading a camel!" After a little time they

came to the bank of a river which crossed the path, and there the rat stopped short. Said the camel, "Pray Sir, go on." "Nay," answered his companion, "the water is too deep for me." "Not at all," said the camel, "let me try the depth for you." Halting in the middle of the stream the camel looked round, and cried, "you see I was right—the water is only knee-deep, so come along!" "Ah!" said the rat, "but there is a trifling difference between your knees and mine, don't you see! Pray carry me over." "Confess your fault," replied the camel, "consent to acknowledge your pride, and promise to be humble-minded for the future, and I will carry you over in safety." To this request the rat gladly agreed, and so the two passed over.

STORY XLI.

THE FAMOUS SAINT AND THE PILGRIM.

THERE was a certain saint, by name Abul Hassan, whose power and sanctity were noised all over the country. One day, a pilgrim came from a distant land for the sole purpose of seeing him, but when he

called at the house he found that he was absent. "Where has he gone?" enquired he of his wife. Now, the saint's wife was a hard woman, bitter and peevish in speech, and, instead of answering the question she began to abuse her husband with unmeasured violence, so that, hearing her words, the pilgrim lost all faith in the holiness of the person he had travelled so far to see. As he left the house he said to some of the neighbours. "This saint of yours—where is he?" They answered, "He has gone to the hills to gather sticks." "Though I no longer believe in him," said the pilgrim to himself, "I will at least look upon his face before I return."

So he set out forthwith for the jungle, but he had not proceeded far when he met the holy man face to face. His wood was borne before him by a tiger, and in his hand, instead of a whip, he carried a snake. Then the pilgrim fell at his feet, and said, "At the reproachful words of your wife my faith decreased, but I now perceive that verily you are a saint indeed. Pray forgive me!"

"He who will exercise invincible patience," answered the saint, "especially with a shrew of wife, shall command the very tigers and they will obey him, for patience is rewarded of God. But a scolding wife can no man tame, yea, she is past even praying for."

STORY XLII.

THE THIEF AND THE POOR MAN.

A THIEF broke into a house in the hope of finding something worth stealing, but, unfortunately for him, the house was the home of a man who was miserably poor. When the thief entered, the owner was lying awake, sadly wondering where in the world his next meal was to come from. He neither moved nor spoke, but quietly looked on while the thief was feeling along the bare walls, and rummaging his slender property, trying hard to discover something to carry away. At last the fellow was leaving the room empty-handed, when the poor man grinned aloud with mocking laughter. Turning round in a rage, the startled thief exclaimed, "What! you are laughing, are you? And do you call yourself the owner of a house?"

STORY XLIII.

THE KING AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

THERE was once a king who had several daughters. To the first he said, "How do you love me?" "I love you as sugar," said she. To the next he said,

"And how do you love me?" "I love you as honey," said she. To the third he said, "And how do you love me?" "I love you as sherbet," said she. To the last and youngest he said, "And how do you love me?" "I love you as salt," said she.

On hearing the answer of his youngest daughter the king frowned, and, as she persisted in repeating it, he drove her out into the forest. There, when wandering sadly along, she heard the tramping of a horse, and she hid herself in a hollow tree. But the fluttering of her dress betrayed her to the rider, who was a prince, and who instantly fell in love with her, and married her.

Some time after, the king, her father, who did not know what had become of her, paid her husband a visit. When he sat down to meat, the princess took care that all the dishes presented to him should be made-up sweets, which he either passed by altogether, or merely tasted. He was very hungry, and was longing sorely for something which he could eat, when the princess sent him a dish of common spinach seasoned with salt, such as the farmers eat, and the king signified his pleasure by eating it with relish.

Then the princess threw off her veil, and, revealing herself to her father, said, "O my father, I love you as salt. My love may be homely, but it is true, genuine, and lasting, and I entreat your forgiveness."

Then the king perceived how great a mistake he had made, and there followed a full reconciliation.

STORY XLIV.

THE FARMER, HIS WIFE, AND THE OPEN DOOR.

ONCE upon a time a poor farmer and his wife, having finished their day's labour, and eaten their frugal supper, were sitting by the fire, when a dispute arose between them as to who should bar the door which had been blown open by a gust of wind.

"Wife, shut the door!" said the man.

"Husband, shut it yourself!" said the woman.

"I will not shut it, and you shall not shut it," said the husband, "but let the one who speaks the first word shut it."

This proposal pleased the wife exceedingly, and so the old couple, well satisfied, retired in silence to bed.

In the middle of the night they heard a noise, and peering out they perceived that a wild dog had entered the room, and that he was busy devouring their little store of food. Not a word, however, would either of these silly people utter, and the dog, having sniffed at everything, and having eaten as much as he wanted, went out of the house.

The next morning the woman took some grain to the house of a neighbour in order to have it ground into flour. In her absence the barber entered, and said to the husband, "How is it you are sitting here all alone?" The farmer answered never a word. The barber then shaved his head, but still he did not speak; then he shaved off half his beard and half his moustache, but even then the man refrained from uttering a syllable. Then the barber covered him all over with a hideous coating of lampblack, but the stolid farmer remained as dumb as a mute. "The man is bewitched!" cried the barber, and he hastily quitted the house.

He had hardly gone when the wife returned from the mill. She, seeing her husband in such a ghastly plight, began to tremble, and exclaimed—"Ah! wretch, what have you been doing?"

"You have spoken the first word," said the farmer, "so begone, woman, and shut the door."

STORY XLV.

THE TRAVELLER AND HIS CAMEL.

ONCE upon a time a traveller, coming along the desert road with his laden camel, stopped to rest during the noon-tide heat under a shady tree. There

he fell asleep. When he awoke he looked at the camel, and, finding to his sorrow that the faithful companion of all his journeys was dead, he thus apostrophized him :—

"Where is the spirit fled, ah, where,
The life that cheered the weary ways?
Could'st thou not wait one hour, nor spare
For me, thy Friend, one parting gaze?"

कहाँ गिया उह भोर जो उठावे भार नू।
चलती बार ना मिलिया इस महरम यार नू॥ *

* Literally—"Where is the spirit fled which bore the load? When leaving, it saw not me its well-known friend!"

APPENDIX.

THE PUNJÁBÍ VERSES WHICH OCCUR IN SHARAF'S VERSION OF RASÁLÚ.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

1.

Mangal vár i nibbiá,
Jammiá chhanchhan vár,
Akrá rájá jammiá,
Nám rakhiá Rasál.

On Tuesday he entered the womb,
He was born on Saturday ;
The mighty king was born,
The name given him was Rasál.

2.

Thoṛá, thoṛá tú*n* disse*n*, sun Rájeá Rasálúá,
Te bauhtí disdí dhúṛ ;
Andar kappiá kátiá*n* lohe chhinniá*n*, sun Rájeá,
Jhulká piyá tandúr ;
Jiná*n* de beṭe chákari musáfarí,
Unán diá*n* máwá*n* jíwá*n* kúṛ.

Little, little see I of you, Hear, Rájá Rasálu !
And much see I of dust ;
Inwardly I am cut and pierced with knives of iron,
Hear, Rájá !
I am as burning fuel thrown into the oven ;
Whose sons are in service or travelling,
Their mothers' lives are vain.

3.

Kehṛe Ráje dá tú*n* beṭrá
Kyá tumárá nám ?
Kehṛí tumárí nagrí,
Kehṛá tumárá gám ?

What Rájá's son are you ?
What is your name ?
Where is your country ?
Where is your town ?

4.

Rájá Sulwán dá mai*n* beṭrá,
Rasálu merá nám,
Siálkót hamárí nagrí,
Wohí hamárá gám.

Rájá Sulwan's son am I,
Rasálu is my name ;
Siálkót is my country,
The same is my town.

RASÁLU AND MÍRSHIKÁRÍ.

5.

Mai*n* ban jamiá*n* ban paliá*n*,
Ban hamárá ghar vás ;
Brikh jo banná ruṭṭhrá
Áyá hamáre pás.

I was born in the forest, I was reared in the forest,
The forest is my home ;
A tree, which is offended with the forest,
Has come to us.

6.

Mai*n* ban jamiá*n* ban paliá*n*
Ban merá ghar vás ;
Aisá zulam ná dekheá
Ke páirí*n* turan palás.

I was born in the forest, I was reared in the forest,
The forest is my home ;
Such tyranny I have not seen,
That upon feet a tree should walk.

7.

Mai*n* ban jamiá*n* ban paliá*n*
Ban merá ghar vás ;
Hai nawisht ká bhukhá
Tab áyá hamáre pás.

In the forest I was born, in the forest I was fed,
The forest is my home;
By his destiny he is hungry,
Then came he to us.

8.

Mai*n* ban jamiá*n* ban paliá*n*
Ban merá ghar vás;
Aisá chalittar heriar* lohbiá*n*
Terá ghar-ghar vandsí más.

In the forest I was born, in the forest I was fed,
And the forest is my home;
Such trespassing tricks are cunning,
And from house to house your flesh will be divided.

9.

Trikhí kalm vagandeá o zálimá*n*,
Zará khuṇḍí kalm vagá;
Jis bíná mai*n*ún máre*n* o zálimá*n*,
Zará thoṛí hor sunná.

Thou thrower of the sharp arrow, O tyrant,
Your knife a little blunted use;
With the lute which has killed me, O tyrant,
A little more let me hear.

* The word *heridr* is applied to such *stray* cattle as *trespass* in fields.

10.

Haṭṭí te goshat túlandíe,
Tún kaiṅde káran tulá?
Jis káran túlaondíe,
O velṛá gaiyá vihá.

O thou at the stall having meat weighed out,
For whose sake are you having it weighed?
For whose sake you are having it weighed,
That time is passed.

11.

Ik marandián do moe
Do marandián chár;
Chár marandián chhe moe,
Chár purakh do nár.

One being killed, two died,
Two being killed, four died,
Four being killed, six died,
Four males, two females.

12.

Chaṛiá Rájá Dharthalí *
Kujh ná khaṛiá sáth,
Eh jag aiwen chhapsí,
Jiun tárián khillí rát.

* Rájá Dharthalí. This is another name for Rájá Bhartilí, or Bhartarí, the famous king who abdicated his kingdom and became a fakír, a disciple of Guru Gorakhnáth.

Rájá Dharthalí died,
Nothing took he with him ;
Thus this world will disappear
Like a star-blooming night.

STORY OF THE SNAKE AND THE RAVEN.

13.

Níle ghoṛe wálleá Rasálúá,
Múnh dáhṛí sir pagg ;
Nadí rohṛendá jhaiá
Nám Rab de kaḍh.

Of the grey horse the owner, Rasálu,
On your face a beard, on your head a turban,
On the river floats a hedgehog,
In God's name take him out !

14.

Sappán te jháián dhúron-dúrái sang ;
Merá jí chhoṛde túṅ khair Khudá thiṅ mang.

Snakes and hedgehogs from the first were related ;
My life vouchsafe and ask a blessing from God.

15.

Sappán te jháián dúron-dúrái wair ;
Gáfal kohárá máriá tudh ápo ápne pair.

Snakes and hedgehogs from the first were at enmity;
O foolish one, you have struck the axe upon your own foot.

RASÁLU AND SIRIKAP.

16.

Biábán wich áí rátṛi,
Moe kurange * pás;
Je moe kurange Rabbá jí páin
Tán bátán karíe chár.

In the desert has come night, near the dead body;
If to the dead body God will grant life,
Then four words we shall speak.

17.

Is nagrí ik mánis áyá
Oh már karendá már;
Us patúlán† kaṭṭián,
Main gir paṛí Jhudhál,
Aṭṭh ṭoṭe hoí mungalí,
Te naun ṭoṭe ghaṛiál;
Nas tún mere báblá,
Tere marn dí áie wár.

* Kurangg is a skeleton. It also means a deer. Near Rawal Pindi too there is a small river so named.

† Patúláṇ does not mean the *ropes*, but the *bar* or *plank* on which the swinger sits. A youth after betrothal always supplies his *fiancée* and her friends with both ropes and patuláṇ on feast days. The patúl is generally gaily painted. It is also named bindá, and, if not painted, daṇḍá.

To this city a man has come,
He is killing and killing;
He cut my swing-ropes,
I Jhudhál fell down.
Eight pieces became the mallet,
And nine became the gong;
Run thou, my father,
Thy death's turn has come.

18.

Ik mard dekheá chaudhárîá,
Pair nîle gal lál,
Sir te pairín ákhîe
Surte den víchár.

A man was seen four-bearded,
Feet blue and neck red;
The first and last is told,
The wise will give the answer.

19.

Ik achambhá dekheá tere shehr grán,
Bakrí nigaliá ghoṛá ate saṭṭh grán,
Ganjá páni pigiá Rávi te Chená.

A strange thing has been seen in your town,
A goat has swallowed a horse and sixty villages;
And a bald-headed boy drank up the water of the
Rávi and the Chená.

20.

Ḍhál ve pássiá dhálweán,
Is bassant* dí lo;
Sirán gharrán dián bájián, †
Jo Sirikap kare so ho.

Turn, O game changeable,
In the light of this lamp;
Heads and houses are at stake,
What Sirikap does, so should it be.

21.

Dhál ve pássiá dhálweán
Is bassant dí lo;
Sirán gharrán dián bájián,
Jo Alláh kare so ho.

Turn, O game changeable,
In the light of this lamp;
Heads and houses are at stake,
What God does, so let it be.

THE STORY OF QUEEN KOKLAN.

22.

Ráje Bhaṭṭí dá main beṭrá,
Hoḍí merá nám;
Udhe hamárí nagrí,
Áṭak hamárá gám.

* Cf. basantar, fire.
† Otherwise—Sirdharán diáṇ bajiáṇ—a proverb—Heads and bodies are at stake.

Rájá Bhatti's son am I,
Hodí is my name;
Udhe is my country,
Aṭak is my town.

23

Tú*n* kehṛe ráje dí beṭṭí,
Kehṛe ráje dí nár;
Tainú*n* uche mehlí*n* chhoṛ ke
Kiddhar giá gawár?

What rájá's daughter are you,
What rájá's wife;
Leaving you in high palaces?
Whither has gone the boor?

24.

Ráje Sirikap dí mai*n* beṭṭí,
Ráje Rasálú dí mai*n* nár;
Mainú*n* uche mehlí*n* chhoṛ ke
Rájá hun giá í sakár.

Rájá Sirikap's daughter am I,
Rájá Rasálu's wife am I,
Leaving me in high palaces,
The rájá has just gone hunting.

25.

Dúr thí*n* áyá*n* mai*n* chalke dhauke,
Mainú*n* khabar ná rání ká;
Das kidhro*n* laghdiá*n* pauṛiá*n*,
Ṭe kidhro*n* mehl dá ráh?

From afar I have come walking and running,
O queen, I know not anything ;
Say to which side go the steps,
And which side is the palace road ?

26.

Tú*n* dúr thí*n* áyá hai*n* chalke dhauke, sun Rájeá,
Tainú*n* khabar ná ká,
Sajeo*n* laghan pauṛiá*n*, sun Rájeá,
Te khabbeo*n* mehl dá ráh ;
Je tú*n* bhukha ishaq dá, sun Rájeà,
Mehlá*n* te chaṛh á.

From afar you have come walking and running, Hear ! O Rájá,
You know not anything ;
On the right go the steps, hear ! O Rájà,
And on the left is the palace-road ;
If you are hungry of love, hear ! O Rájá,
Up to the palace come.

27.

Sun ve toteá ;
Is nagrí ná vassíe,
Ie dúro*n* nassíe,
Ná koí bháí ná vír,
Aisá zulam ná dekheá,
Jo kuttá kháve khír.

Hear! O parrot;
In this country is no living,
And far away we should hasten;
Neither is he any brother nor a friend;
Such iniquity has not been seen,
That a dog should eat the rice-and-milk.

28.

Sun ve toteá,
Is nagrí ná vassíe,
Te dúro*n* nassie,
Ná koí ang ná sák,
Aisá zulam ná dekheá,
Jo kauwá kháve dákh.

Hear! O parrot,
In this country we may not live,
And far away we should hasten;
Such outrage has not been seen,
That a crow should eat the grapes.

29.

Terá nakk khuṇḍhá mú*n*h búpná
Te harní jehá terá ḷakk;
Kitthe láwá*n* dastre
Ke ṭoṭe karrá*n* vakkho-vakkh.

Your nose is aquiline, your mouth very small,
And like the deer is your waist;
Where shall I put my hands,
That I may (not) break you in pieces.

30.

Sarí ghaṛí kamágre,
Phal ghaṛíá lohar,
Dhannú lathí jeṭh háṛ dí
Kandí jinkí nár.
Chhik chhik láwán chhikie,
Mat man dá rahe azár.

The arrow is made by the fletcher,
The blade is made by the smith,
The bow, relaxed since May and June,
Whose horn-(tips) are hooked,
Is pulled as to the string again and again,
So that no heart-trouble may remain.

31.

Naunhán nál cháwal main chhillán,
Dudh pakáwán khír ;
Muṛ á túṅ merí sej te
Túṅ Ránjhá main Hír.

With my nails I husk rice for you,
Milk and rice I cook ;
Return you to my couch,
You are Ránjhá, I am Hír.

32.

Páṅí cháṛiá chul te
Baiṭhe mal-mal nahá,
Asan pándhián núṅ pandh páe,
Túṅ ṭake ser biká.

Water has been put on the fire-place,
Sit down and rubbing bathe yourself;
Us travellers put on the road,
You for two pice the seer have sold yourself.

33.

Main-tán hans* karke mániá,
Tún nikliá baglá khás;
Je main jáná baglá,†
Tainún múl na bheṛán pás.

I thought you were like a swan,
You have turned out a very crane;
If I had known you were a crane,
You never had touched me.

34.

Main to khádí khaṇḍ-khír,
Rihá nimáná phog;
Piá puráná kapṛa,
Te mangtián sandá-jog.!

I have eaten of dainty food [sugar-rice-and-milk]
There remains my poor refuse;
The cloth has become old,
And fit for beggar-folk.

*Hans, not really a swan, but a large white fabulous bird, which lives on the shores of lakes and seas. His beak is thick, and so hooked that he is able to pick up only pearls, one at a time, which he finds in abundance, (flamingo?)

†Baglá, a *white* crane from baggá, white. The Punjábís have a proverb—Bhároṉ baglá, andaroṉ káu, Outwardly a baglá, inwardly a crow.

35.

Rájá pá*ni* pive bail vang
Níl ná bhere háth,
Kisse sá*n*wari ne mániá
Te púrniá sárí rát.
Us chhitiá * is púnjhiá,
Tab kajlá inke háth.

The king drinks water like a bullock,
Lest he should touch the black on his hands,
Some beauty has enjoyed him,
And passed the whole night;
She wept, he wiped [her tears]
Then the lamp-black [stained] his hands.

36.

Akk† ná kíje dand-mallá,
Te sapp ná khaíye más,
Puttar paráiá ná cháhie,
Te ná lálá*n* bharie vát.
Dahí*nan* bagáná ná baloríc,
Usdá pá*ni* jihá suád,
Sej par*ni* ná máníe,
Oh kadí-ná ho*n*dí áp,
Hath maroṛí kajlá súṭ-pá,
Te buk-bhar ‡ piwe*n* áb.

* Chhitiá—wept, from chhitná to sprinkle, to wet.
† The name of a very acrid plant.
‡ Buk-bhar—a double handful, the hands being laid together.

The akk should not be used as a tooth-brush,
And the flesh of snakes should not be eaten,
The sons of others should not be fondled,
That your mouth be not defiled with spittle.
The curds of others should not be churned,
Its taste is like water.
The bed of another may not be enjoyed,
It never becomes yours.
Your hands cleanse, the lamp-black cast away,
And drink handfuls of water.

37.

Hátho*n* pále rukhṛe,
Chuliá*n* * páni pá ;
Já*n* karn hoí chhaoní,†
Aj hor baiṭhe á.

With our hands we have reared trees.
Applying handfuls of water ;
When they became ready for shade,
Another to-day came and sat.

38.

Aṭh kurral ‡ nau*n* murgáiá*n*,
Te panyj bahále mor,
Itne rákhe ho*n*diá*n*,
Mainú*n* kiddharo*n* ḍhukke chor.

* Chulí is single handful, the water raised to the mouth in one palm.
† For Chháṇi, shade.
‡ In the popular imagination the palace-guards assume the shape of various birds. In reality they were of course men of various tribes. Query, Is "Kurral" corrupted from Karrál of Hazarie?

Eight ospreys, nine water-fowls,
And five peacocks have been stationed;
There being so many guards
Whither came the thieves to me?

39.

Je gharáná ghar máre,
Te mú*n*h-mú*n*h aurá*n* de;
Je paliárá* jau*n* chare,
Te rákhhá kyá kare.

If the householder rob the house,
And face to face fix it [on others];
It the fence eat the barley-crop,
What then can the guards do?

40.

Peṭ ná taroṛ i aḍḍiá*n*,
Te tan ná kamchí lá;
Jinná nágar-balliá*n* † taroṛiá*n* te khádiá*n*,
Oh sir desan chá.

My side gore not with your heels,
And my body touch not with your whip;
Those who break and eat poisonous creepers,
They will give up their heads.

* Apparently allied to pallúrá, a border.
† Bal is a creeping plant also *vail*. In the Chach plain the word *alli*. Nagar-bal is a creeper under which snakes lurk.

41.

Mehl merá kai*n* taroṛiá,
Mehli*n* hoiá pair asár.
Kau*n* baiṭhá mere pala*n*ggh te
Ke ḍhillí hoi nawár;
Kis márí merí shárak, *
Kis taroṛiá lálá*n* dá hár,

Who broke into my palace,
In the palace are foot-marks.
Who sat upon my bed,
Since the nawár † is loose.
Who killed my mina,
Who broke your necklace of rubies?

42.

Shárak totá laṛ moe,
Is tote taroṛiá merá lálá*n* dá hár;
Mai*n* khauf kháke bhajj gaí,
Mehli*n* hoiá pair asár;
Mai*n* áp baiṭhi há*n* pala*n*ggh te,
Tá*n* ḍhillí hoi nawár.

The mina, fighting the parrot, died,
That parrot broke my necklet of rubies;
I being frightened ran away,
My foot-marks came in the palace,
I have sat upon your bed,
So the nawár ‡ is loose.

* Shárak, a mïna, is the local pronunciation of Sárak.
† ‡ Nawár, the broad cotton tape stretched from side to side and from end to end of a bed to support the mattress.

43.

Thoṛá, thoṛá ghan níwe*n*,
Te bauhtí níwe*n* kamán,
Múrakh namdá kyá níwe*n*,
Niú*n*d*n* sughaṛ suján.

Little, little bends the string,
And greatly bends the bow;
What senseless fool would bend?
The shrewd and wise man bends.

44.

Thoṛá thoṛá tú*n* disse*n*, sun Rasálúá,
Te bauhtí disdí dhúṛ;
Andar kappiá kátiá*n* lohe chhinniá*n*, sun Rájeá,
Jhulká piyá tannúr.

[For translation see *ante*]

45.

Nár ná kije láḍli lat-bawa*n*rí,*
Jo has has kare panjás,
Jio*n*de tú*n* mauja*n*, mániá*n*,
Hun moeá*n*-dá khádá más.

* Lat means a curl. There is a sect of beggars distinguished by their curls. Báwa*n*rí means a senseless one. Lat-báwa*n*rí, then, = a curled fool, a person reckless of appearances.

A woman should not be made too dear to become masterful,
That deriding she may give answer;
When he was alive you enjoyed him,
Now being dead you have eaten his flesh.

46.

Uṭhiáṉ deseṉ táná mehná, O Rájeá,
Te benhdiáṉ deseṉ gál;
Jinná dá mainúṉ táná mehánáá, O Rájeá,
Dekh maráṉ unnáṉde nál.

Getting up you taunt me, O Rájá,
Sitting down you abuse me;
Whose reproach is upon me, O Rájá,
Lo, I will die with him!

47.

Amb phallo ke nij phallo
Te nij phal tusáṉ nál pá,
Kokal moí dhaul sakkhná,
Te bhakkh-dí rahe agá.

O mangoes, fruited or not fruited,
Never again may fruit on you come;
Kokal is dead, her palace is empty,
And smouldering remains the fire.

RASÁLÚ AND THE SWANS.

48.

Eh máriá jhambaṛ * jhákkh dá aihan vath dá
Kauwá maṇgan laggá já.
Asáṇ jágṅá táṇ dittiá,
Is páiá nám khudá.
Eh gun kíttiáṇ mainúṇ augaṇ hoiá
Fajre jhagṛá baiṭhá lá.

This crow struck by rain-storm and strong snow
Began to ask a place of us.
We then gave him a place,
As he used the name of God.
This kindness doing I received evil,
In the morning he began a quarrel.

49.

Ek din naddi de ḍháe
Maiṇ phirdá kardá sail-safá, †
Ret phalorde aṇḍa milliá,
Maiṇ aṇḍá chinyju chá,
Dhar síne heth maiṇ palliá,
Merá siná hoá khuár,
Je nikal paṛdá nar hansalá,
Maiṇ kardá band khallás,

* Jhambar is *driving* rain. Jhákkh is strong wind. Aihan is snow or more properly hail.

† Sail-safá, = Sauntering about for pleasure.

Ek nikal paṛṛi hansní,
  Mai*n* kití ghar dí nár,
Ek hans maria jhambaṛ jhakk dá aihan vath dá
  Sáthon mangan laggá já,
Asa*n* jagha*n* ta*n* dittiá,
  In paiá nám Khudá,
Hans zát ápni pachhán ke
  Fajre jhagṛá baiṭhá lá.

One day on the banks of a river
  I was taking a walk,
Turning up the sand I found an egg,
  And took it in my bill,
Keeping it under my breast I hatched it,
  And my breast became ruined.
If it had come out a male swan,
  I would have given him liberty.
It came out a female swan,
  I made her my house-wife.
This swan struck by rain-storm and strong snow
  Began to ask shelter from us,
We then gave him a place,
  As he used the name of God,
The swan, finding her his caste-fellow,
  In the morning began a quarrel.

50.

Hor Ráje murgáiá*n*, sun Ráje*á*,
  Tún Rájá sháhbáz ;
Adlí niau*n* tú*n* kare*n*, sun Rajea,
  Teri umar hove daráz.

Other kings are water-fowl, hear, O Rájá,
You are the king-falcon ;
True judgment you do, hear, O Rájá,
May your life be long.

RÁJÁ RASÁLU AND RÁJÁ BHOJ.

51.

Dhí ganjí núh lokobarí,
Haraṭ nún ḍingí laṭh,
Mandí nár ghar chickwín,
Jhuggá chauṛ-chopaṭ,
Ráh wich ráhdí rángrí,
Panje paián bhaṭṭh.

A daughter bald, a daughter-in-law hump-backed,
To the well-wheel a crooked axle,
A worthless wife expelled the house
So that the house is completely destroyed,
In the road a sown-field,
These five things are most cursed. *

52.

Ráh musáfar trai wal,
Chan, din, daryá ;
In men kaun tumárá báp hai,
Aur kaun tumárí má.

* Fit only for the oven or kiln.

Road-travellers are three persons—
The moon, the day, the river ;
Among these who is your father,
And who is your mother ?

53.

Jagg musáfar trai wal,
Bheḍ, zanáná, te dánd
Jhúṭhiáṅ gallán chhoṛde,
Ate ná chaṛpá túṅ nám.

World-travellers are three persons—
A sheep, a woman, and a bullock,
This lying talk leave off,
And do not hide your name.

54.

Khúh utte lathe trai wal,
Tere bábal sandè pír,
Sáḍe háth wich chhuríáṅ dekh ke,
Unná dá dil hoiá dilgir,
Aise bháge kidhar gaí,
Kábul gae ke Kashmír.

At the well sat three persons,
Your father's family-priests ;
In our hands seeing the swords,
Their mind became aggrieved ;
So they ran, whither gone (God knows),
To Kábul goṇe or to Kashmír.

55.

Gangá jehá jal nahín,
Te channe jehí jot,
Ambe jehá phal nahín
Te nárí jehí sot.

Like the Ganges there is no water
And like the moon is no light,
Like the mangoe there is no fruit,
And no sleep like a woman's.

56.

Har jangal wich main phirán sun Rájeá,
Ájaz phirán fakir,
Túm nahín bhulliá, sun Rájeá,
Terá aklon bhullá wazír.

In every jungle I walk, hear, O Rájá,
I walk, a poor fakír,
You have not mistaken, hear, O Rájá,
Your wazír is without wit.

57.

Kachchhe jehá jal nahín, sun Rájeá,
Te akhín jehí jot,
Puttrán jehá phal nahín, sun Rájeá,
Te sukhe jehí sot,

Like the water in your flask * there is no water, hear
O Raja,
Like (the light of) the eyes there is no light,
Like sons there is no fruit,
Like (the sleep of) contentment there is no sleep.

RÁJÁ RASÁLU AND THE GIANTS.

58.

Mainún Rájá karkar ná mário, bhalle mánso,
Main fakír, kádar Alláh,
Tún sakkí bhain innan dí, bhalle mánso,
Tún ináh nún samjhà.

[fellows,
Thinking me a rájá do not kill me, my good
A fakír am I, esteemed of God,
You are own sister to them, O good fellows,
Do you instruct them.

59.

Mehrí bhallí tan sámlí
Kapar bhallá safed,
Machhí bhallí so chhoppalí,
Ghorá bhallá komed.
Nagrí bhallí so chháttrí,
Rájá bhallá sochet,
O nar múrakh janíe,
Jo nár nún dendá bhet.†

* Kachchhe is literally the arm-pit, the flask or water-bottle being carried by shepherds under the arm.

† Never commit a secret, say the Panjábís, to a woman or a barber, for neither can keep it.

A woman dark of body is good,
White cloth is good,
Scaly fish are good,
A bay-coloured horse is good,
A country of warriors is good,
An active king is good,
That man as a fool should be held,
Who commits a secret to his wife.

60.

Sar te kapaṛ dhoⁿdiá
Jámá dhotí te pagg,
Nauⁿ vár ghaṛoli* maiⁿ bharí,
Túⁿ bát ná puchhi ṭhag

O at the tank washing clothes,
Having a coat, a loin-cloth, and a turban,
Nine times my pitcher I filled,
You asked me not a word, you deceiver.

61.

Des bagáná bhoⁿ oparí,
Tudh bagání dhí,
Tere káran maiⁿ máriáⁿ,
Merá kain dharawe jí.

* Ghaṛoli, a kind of pitcher. The Panjábís have a nuptial song called the Ghaṛoli song. At weddings the young girls of the village bring up a ghaṛoli of water from the well, and, saying the ghaṛoli song, throw it over the bridegroom.

A foreign country, a land unknown,
You are the daughter of others,
For your sake I have been killed,
Who will solace me?

62.

Sa*n*gal kaṭáwá*n* beṛiá*n*,
Phúk lagáwa*n* ag,
Mere pichhe je tú*n* mari*n*,
Mai*n* marán unnáh gal lag.*

Your chains and fetters I will cause to be cut,
Blowing I will set them on fire,
If for me you have been killed,
I will die attacking them (your slayers).

63.

Ajab razáiá*n* teriá*n*
Tú*n* baṛá garíbanwáz,
An-hoiá*n* hoiá*n* kare*n*,
Ár hoiá*n* kare*n* fanáh,
Beṛá ruhṛeá wich láhú de
Jhokán den malláh,
Azráil farishtá
Bhar-bhar púr laghá
Kyá jánú*n* kyá likhiá
Sache Sáhib dí dargáh.

*Gal, neck: lag, touching. Gal lag, in mortal combat.

Strange is Thy nature,
Thou art the great cherisher of the poor,
To non-existence Thou givest existence,
And existence Thou makest nought.
My boat is drifting on the stormy river,
Nodding (with sleep) are the sailors.
Azráil the Angel *
The well-packed boat-load is passing over,
What know I what is written
(Against me) in the presence of the God of truth?

64.

Dushman márná te zer karná,
Eh bhalliáṅ dá kam,
Mainúṅ man thíṅ dúr kar,
Mujh wich haḍ ná cham.

A foe to strike and to subdue him,
This is the work of mighty men,
Me from your mind dismiss,
I have nor bone nor skin.

* Azráil, the angel of death, who bears away the souls of the dying.

THE PUNJÁBÍ VERSES WHICH OCCUR IN JUMÁ'S VERSION OF RASÁLU.

1.

Ujaṛ kheṛe bi vasan
Moiá ná jíve ko;
Moe kurange Rabba jí pawai
Gallán bí karie do.

A deserted house may again be inhabited,
A man once dead lives not again;
O God, if the dead body rise again,
I will speak two words with him.

2.

Bhaṭṭh* thuhádí naukarí
Ar bhaṭṭh odí chohá,
Uche nakke chaṛke
Ṭuk khásán dandán ghá.

Cursed be your service,
Curse be your measure of grain
On high peák climbing,
Nibbling I will eat grass with my teeth.

3.

Dum kann merá túṅ kaṭṭeá
Ate mainúṅ laiá ullaṅg;
Tad harni dá jáeá
Tere mehlán lánwán chor.

* Bhaṭṭh, a kiln: and so "fit only for the kiln or oven."

My tail and my ears you have cut,
And done me a dishonour ;
If ever I was born from a deer
To your place I will bring thieves.

4.

Tote bendhe upar máṛiáṅ
Ar bendhe chhajjáṅ vichkár ;
Kehí phirní upar sone di jhalkár
Eh mard hai ke nár ?

The parrots sit on the houses
And they sit on the eaves.
What is that golden lustre walking on the house ?
Is it a man or a woman ?

5.

Eh hai ráje dí nár,
Oh hun giá hai shikár.

She is the wife of the king,
Who is just now gone out hunting.

6.

Mehláṅ heṭh bhawandeá
Shádh haiṅ ke chor ?

O, walking about beneath the palace,
Are you a true man or thief ?

7.

Chorán maile kapṛe,
  Shádhán chiṭṭá ves ;
Teri khátir ránie,
  Harn choṛáiá des.

Thieves have soiled clothing,
  True men look clean ;
For your sake, O queen,
  My deer caused me to leave my country.

8.

Chhe-te-assí pauṛián
  Á ambán wále ráh ;
Ghoṛá banní amb nál
  Ar tarkash hanne nál.

Six and eighty steps there are,
  And the road is by the mangoe trees ;
Your horse tie to a mangoe-tree,
  And your quiver to the pommel.

9.

Kidhar gawáe ní mirg,
  Te kidhar gawáe ní ḍhor ;
Ráh thín bhulke Rájeá Rasálu dá
  Baneá hain chor.

Where have you lost your deer
And where have you lost your cattle?
By losing your road, you have become
Rájá Rasálu's thief.

10.

Sárak merí tú*n* márí, ujáṛ
Ate mainúá kito í ujáṛ;
Tad tote dá jáeá,
Raje kol Já*n*wá*n* ghaṛí * nal.

You have killed my mina,
And made me wretched;
If ever I was born of a parrot,
I will go to the king immediately.

11.

Sárak merí rání ne márí
Te mai*n*ú*n* kito be-ghor;
Uṛh khalo rájá sutteá
Tere meḥlá*n* lagge chor.

The queen has killed my mina,
And me she neglected;
Arise, O sleeping king,
Thieves have forced your palace.

* Ghaṛi, an interval of time. There are two and-a-half *Ghaṛis* in an hour.

12.

Chhe-te-assí merí sárkán
Ate assí mere mor;
Itne rákhe hondián
Kikar lagge chor?

My eighty-six minas
And eighty parrots are there;
There being so many guards,
How broke in the thieves?

13.

Ná márín tan kamchí
Ate ná márin aḍḍi peṭ;
Tad ghoṛe dá jáeá
Le challán mehlán heṭh.

Neither strike me with whip,
Nor strike heel on my flank;
If I was born of a horse,
I will take you beneath your palace.

14.

Bendhián desen táná mehná
Ar uṭhdián desen gál;
Jendhá táná mehná, rájeá,
Vesán usde nál.

When I sit down you give me taunts,
And when I stand you give me abuse;
Whose reproach (I bear), O Rájá,
I will go with him.

15.

Jiuⁿde maujáⁿ máníáⁿ
Moeáⁿ dá khádá más.

When he was alive you enjoyed him,
When he was dead you ate his flesh.

RASÁLU AND THE GIANTS.

16.

Túⁿ haⁿjú ná dalká,
Je Rab rakhe terá bachṛá,
Maiⁿ sir desáⁿ chá.

Do not shed tears,
If God keep your son,
My head will I give.

17.

Uchche manḍal dissan máṛíáⁿ
Dissan haṭ-paṭṭan bázár,
Sab dar dissan sakhne
Kyá vartí sansár.

High domes and palaces are seen,
There are seen shops and bazars,
That every door is seen vacant
What has happened to the world ?

18.

Níle ghoṛe wálleá Rasáluá,
Múṅh dhárí sir pagg ;
Jehṛe zálam sujhne dikhde
Á khalote ne aj.

O owner of the grey horse, Rasálu,
On your face a beard, your head a turban;
Those tyrants we were thinking of are seen,
They have come to-day.

19.

Nasso bhajjo mere bháio rákhaso
Takko koh gallí ;
Valí * Khudá dá áyá,
Moṅḍhe sáng † khalí.

Run, my brother giants, run.
Find the mountain cave,
The prophet of God has come,
On his shoulders a club is standing.

* Vali, a saint. The word Beelzebub introduced in my verse-rendering may be excused by the fact that the giants imagined Rasálú to be a *demon* like themselves.

† Sáng, for sángal, literally a wooden pitchfork, used for making fences of thorny brush-wood.

THE PANJÁBÍ VERSES WHICH OCCUR IN THE 'GHÁZÍ' VERSION OF RASÁLU.

1.

Kain mera hukká píviá ?
  Kain saṭṭhe khangár ?
Kain merí khúí geṛiá,
  Je sinní paí nisár ?

Who smoked my hookah ?
  Who spat out his phlegm ?
Who turned my well,
  Since the channel is wet ?

2.

Jiuande mauján mániá,
  Mu*n*iá*n* dá khadá más,
Bhaṭṭh unándá jíviá,
  Jiná bigání ás.

When he was alive, you enjoyed him,
  When he was dead, you ate his flesh ;
Cursed be their life,
  Whose hope is in others.

3.

Uṭhian dená mená rájá,
  The bendhá dená gál ;
Jina*n*di dená badiá*n*,
  Sárá marn unánde nál.

When I get up, you give me taunts, Rájá,
And when I sit down, you give me abuse;
For whom you give me reproach,
My death will be with him.

L'ENVOY.

Sadá ná bágin bulbul bole,
Sadá ná bág báhárán,
Sadá ná ráj khushí de honde,
Sadá ná majlis yárán.

The bulbul sings not always in the garden,
The garden is not always blooming,
Kingdoms are not always ruled in happiness,
Friends are not always together.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

RÁJÁ VIKRAMÁJIT, OR BIKRAMÁJIT, a great Hindu warrior, saint, and legislator. His original capital was Ujain in the Dakkan, but he extended his arms as far west as Kabul. (Wilson's *Ariana Antiqua*). His era, still observed by the Hindus, begins B. C. 56. According to Briggs he was attacked and slain by Rájá Shalivhán.

RÁJÁ SHALIVHÁN, or SALIVÁHÁNÂ, the Sulwán of the Panjábí bards.—Elphinstone is of opinion that the exploit above mentioned could not have been performed by Saliváhán, whose era only begins A. D. 77. Be this as it may, his kingdom was also the Dakkan; he was probably a near connection of Vikramájit, and his empire, according to tradition, comprised the Upper Panjáb, his capital city being Siálkot.

GURU GORAKHNÁTH, the great saint of Tilláh, founded a sect in the Panjáb about A. D. 1400. He maintained the equalizing effects of religious penances, but chose Siva as the manifestation of Deity. (Cunningham's *History of the Sikhs*, p. 37). That in the legends Rasálu is said to have been contemporaneous with him, shows how the bards have loved to gather round the memory of their favourite hero the popular stories of widely different times, a process which is not without its analogue elsewhere.

HAZRAT AMÁM ÁLÍ LÁK.—Hazrat is a title of distinction, meaning 'Highness.' Amám Álí, *i. e.*, the Patriarch Álí, is the name of the famous son-in-law of the prophet Muhammad. Lák appears to be an additional title, possibly a corruption of the Persian *Al-haqq*, 'The True.'

It is a curious fact that both in the Panjáb and in Afghanistan a fixed tradition ascribes to the Imám Álí in person the subjection of all those parts to Islám.

KWÁJÁ KHIZAR, called by the Hindus BARAN-DEOTÁ, *i.e.* The God of Waters.—Kwájá is a title of honour. Khizar means 'green', and refers, say the villagers, to the garment or robe in which the god or demi-god is arrayed. Properly speaking he is that saint among Mahummadans to whose protection all wayfarers commend themselves. Local tradition, however, states that he was one of the companions of Alexander, who drank of the waters of immortality. He stands on the back of a fish, and in his hand he bears a trisúl or trident. This tale appears, I am informed, in the *Sakandar Námá* of Nizámí. It may possibly refer to the loss of some great captain of Alexander's host, who perished in the Indus, and whom the conqueror may have honoured after death by special ceremonies.

The local tradition concerning Alexander himself and the waters of Immortality relates that the spring was situated in the midst of a labyrinth into which the king rode on a mare which had newly foaled, the foal being tied up at the entrance. He was in the act of lifting a double-handful of water to his mouth, when he was startled by an ominous croak, and looking up, he saw a raven sitting on a branch. The bird had only a single feather on his body, and he appeared to be all skin and bone. "Drink not of that water," croaked he, "I drank of it, and now see what I am. I am neither alive nor dead, but of all birds the most miserable." Throwing the water away, the king

hastily mounted his mare, which, guided by her maternal instincts, carried him safely out of the labyrinth.

But the superstition is not so much Greek or Muhammadan as Hindu in origin. The villagers believe that their river-god keeps state beneath the deep blue waters of the Indus, where his attendants labour with spade and mattock in diverting the rushing waters now in one direction and now in another. He is propitiated by little rafts bearing small earthen *chirags* or lamps which the credulous country-folk light up and launch at night upon the bosom of the stream, to be carried whithersoever Father Indus, of which Kwájá Khizar is really the personification, may be pleased to direct.

BHAUNRÁ-IRÁKÍ.—Bhaunrá is the name of the large black bee said to be enamoured of the lotus. Irákí is the term which distinguished a famous breed of horses from Central Asia, probably Parthia. Irák-Arabí is strictly the country lying between the Tigris and Euphrates.

BAIKALBATTH.—According to the bard Júmá, it was he who was the chief of the giants. Sharaf named this giant Bhagarbhaṭṭh.

RÁJÁ SIRIKAP.—Ghulám, an intelligent villager of Kúndt, in Mount Gandgarh, about five miles from Sirikot, informed me that Rájá Sirikap was a son of the famous Rájá Bhákhirí, a brother of Rájá Dharthílí, and that he used to live in Sangot-thi-Gharí, or the Fort of Sangot, half a mile from Sirikot itself on the top of the ridge of Gandgarh, and that he built Sirikot of men's skulls, as the name according to him really implies, though he admits that it may also mean the chief

fort.* He also stated that the principal giant had only one eye.

RAJA HODI.—According to the same authority, representing probably the opinion of many others in the locality, Rájá Hodi's capital was Ond, on the western bank of the Indus, and the place of his death Mohat, as referred to in the Introduction. But Hodi also had a seat at Aṭak, and his territory was named apparently from association with himself—Udhe-nagrí, of Udí-nagrí, and in this connection it should be observed that the name Udí, or Oodí as it is spelt in the maps, still survives in more than one spot in the neighbourhood of Aṭak on the eastern side of the Indus.†

But Hodi appears to have been something more than a mere petty chieftain, for we find his memory largely preserved as far west as Jalálábád in Afghánistan. When encamped at that place during Sir S. Brown's occupation of the valley, I learnt from certain of the country-folk that he was one of three brothers, all sons of Rájá Afrássá, evidently the Afrásiáb of history (Brigg's *Mahomedan Power in India*, p. lxx). He is there called Húdí or Udí, and his brothers are named Aianposh and Darantá, all three of them being commemorated, in (1) Hádá, five miles south of Jalálábád, which is named as Hodi's capital, his summer palace consisting of vast halls excavated in the conglomerate of the adjoining

* There is a "Sirkap-ká-kot" under the hill, two and a half miles from Shinkiári, in Hazárá, where coins are found.

† It is, however, important to remember that there was anciently a district in these parts named Udiana, so that "Udí Rájá" may be merely the king of Udí. (Travels of Hwen Thsang, and other authorities.)

hills, in (2) the Aianposh Tope, on an eminence less than a mile to the south of Jalálábád, and (3) in the charming spot Darantá, about five miles west of Jalálábád, famous for its grand caves and beautiful topes. Afrássá's kingdom, say the people, extended from Jamrúd to Kabul, and it was known as Bakta Land from the name of the Wazir of a preceding "Giant" king, the great Naushirwán of Persia, (who flourished from A. D. 531 to A. D. 579,) and who first built the fortress of Jamrúd, or rather, perhaps, the tope thereof, the existing remains of the ancient masonry exhibiting all the characteristics of the Buddhist style.

These meagre traditions are preserved by the villagers of Hádá, who also state that the three brothers were slain by "Amíhamza," that is, the Imám Ali Hamzá, the son-in-law of Muhammad, that many of the Buddhist topes were built by Rájá Udí, that Aianposh wore, as his name implies, a coat of iron, and that Darantá ruled at Bárábát.

In the Peshawur Valley the following tradition survives respecting Rájá Hodí and his brethren:—

"At the time of the settlement of the Pathán races in the Peshawur Valley, a fort had been built at Ránígat by a Hindu queen, two of whose brothers also lived at Chársadda and Peshawur, while Udí Rájá lived in his fort, overlooking Khairabad opposite Attock. It was arranged that when danger threatened any one of them, he or she should light a fire, when the smoke curling up to the sky would bring the others to the rescue. The Hashtnaggar rájá to test his relations, lit a fire; they, seeing smoke, went to his assistance, only to find it was a false alarm. Some time

after the queen being attacked by Patháns lit the signal fire, but, as a false alarm had been given, her relatives came not to her assistance, and she was defeated. It is said that during the fight she ascended a large block of stone to watch for the aid she expected, but being very fair, delicate, and beautiful, she melted away in the sun's rays. The stone is therefore called the Queen's Stone—Ránigat—to this day, and a red mark on it is pointed out as the stain of the ill-fated queen's blood." (*Government Settlement Report.*)

RÁJÁ BHOJ or BHOJA of Malwa.—His long reign, says Elphinstone, terminated towards the end of the eleventh century.—(Elphinstone's *India*, p. 231.)

GANDGARH.—This name locally pronounced Gangar has been explained by Capt. R. C. Temple as the "Naked Foot." Gand in Panjábí means anything foul and abominable, as filth. But on the banks of the Upper Indus it appears to possess an extended meaning, and it may be applied to what is monstrous, horrible and obscene, as demons, ogres, and giants, such a monster, for instance, as Shakespear's Caliban. Gandgarh then may mean the fort or the home of the giants, a very appropriate name for a spot so fraught with traditional stories of those formidable races which appear to have succumbed to the superior cunning of the smaller folk of the world.

THE FATE OF QUEEN KOKLÁN.—According to the "Ghází" version, and to Jumá's version, Queen Koklán, when she fell from the castle-walls, was killed on the spot. Sharaf, however, related an entirely different story,

for according to him the queen, though bruised and broken, still survived, and her husband threw her into a sack and her lover into another, and laid them on Hodí's horse, saying—"Go! tell Rájá Bhátti that his son is coming home to him married,"—and so started the horse for Aṭak. On the way thither he was stopped by a scavenger who observing Koklán's beauty, and perceiving that she was not quite dead, took her and cured her of her wounds, after which he married her. She bore her scavenger husband four sons, Tehú, Kehú, Krehú, and Sehú, and from these four descend four clans or tribes still dwelling in the hills of Hazárá. And, say the people, you can easily see their descendants are of a royal race, because they display certain royal characteristics, as innate arrogance and pride, while at the same time they possess qualities of a more ignoble sort, as meanness and greed, being proofs still existing of their exalted and of their villainous origin.

THE GAME OF CHAUPAT.—A game of very high antiquity in India. As in chess, of which it may have been the origin, it is played on squares, but the men, which are sixteen in number, in sets of four, each set distinguished by its own colour, are all pawns, and the board, which is usually composed of embroidered cloth, is not square, but in the form of a cross. One Rájá Nall is traditionally said to have been the inventor of it. It is still in great favour all over the Panjáb.

The game played by Rájá Rasálu and Rájá Sirikap has many points in common with the famous gambling match between Duryodhana and Yudishthira in the venerable epic of the Mahábhárata, B. C. 1500. (See Talboys Wheeler's

Tales from Indian History, p. 11 ; and Dr. Hunter's *The Indian Empire*, p. 127).

The following rude cut is from a miserably defective chap-book version of Rájá Rasálu published in Panjábí at Lahore. It represents the two kings at the moment when Rasálu is finally victorious. The action of the contenders, the calm attitude of the queen, the woful concern of the princess, the complacency of the black whiskéred cat as she mumbles the unresisting rat, the attentive composure of the spectators dragged in by the head, and the graphic delineation of the fatal game, are all wonderfully realistic, while the method of representing the crowded events of the episode in a single scene, after the manner of the rude artists of Anglo-Saxon and mediæval times, is well calculated to arrest the stray fancy and to arouse the interest of the bucolic Panjábí.

P. S.—Since this work went to press I have seen *Some Notes about Rájá Rasálu* from the pen of Captain R. C. Temple, and find that General Abbott was the first writer to publish in English a story of Rasálu. His version is to be found in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*, (Bengal), for 1854, pp. 123—163.

ERRATA.

On page xiii, footnote, for *σύζκρασιν*, read *σύγκρασιν*.
„ „ „ „ *ἀινίγρασιν*, „ *ἀινίγμασιν*.
„ „ „ „ *Ὕγπνος*, „ *Ὕπνος*.
„ xiv, „ „ *εὔχοραι*, „ *ἐύχομαι*.
„ „ „ „ *ρήτ'*, „ *μήτ'*.
„ xv, line 10, „ "alike," „ "like."
„ 1, „ 11, „ "dight," „ "hight."
„ 26, „ 16, „ "notice," „ "entice."
„ 220, footnote „ "alli," „ "*lálli*."
„ 230, „ „ "saying," „ "singing."

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